The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

In his Rectorial Address at St. Andrews, Sir James Barrie, with his usual felicity, hit upon the right watchword for these stormy times when he chose "Courage" as his theme: "Courage, the lovely virtue—the rib of Himself that God sent down to His children. . . . . Courage is the thing; all goes if courage goes." If any more delightfully fanciful, witty, wisely inspiriting address has ever been delivered by a new Rector to young students anywhere, it has not been in my time, or I should have heard of it and remembered. The whole Address (which is to be published as a two shilling book by Hodder & Stoughton) is as characteristic of the true Barrie humour, fantasy, irony and shrewd philosophy of life as anything Sir James has ever written.

"Don't forget to speak scornfully of the Victorian age," he said incidentally; "there will be lots of time to repent when you know it better." But though he might pull the leg of those of the younger generation who foolishly belittle their predecessors, you may be certain he would not agree with Dean Inge in putting the greatness of the Victorians as an extinguisher over contemporary literature. In his Rede lecture, "The Victorian Age" (2s. 6d.; Cambridge Press), the Dean thinks that to future historians the Elizabethan and Victorian Ages will appear "as the twin peaks in which English civilisation culminated." So far as literature is concerned, he says, we are now "in the trough of the wave"; and as a nation, in general, he holds that we have finished work on the grand scale, though "the twentieth century will doubtless be full of interest, and may even develop some elements of greatness." To convince ourselves of the pre-eminence of the Victorians he advises us to compare portraits of the chiefs of them with those of our present-day "little favourites." That would be a good way to decide on the merits of a beauty chorus, but cannot be relied upon in the world of intellect. How many of the great have looked it? From their pictures you would judge Shakespeare to be dull and bucolic; Milton, Bunyan, Dryden and Locke to be no more than average sensible men. The artists have made Sir Philip Sidney handsome,

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but Ben Jonson, who knew him, says he was a plain little man afflicted with pimples. And Ben himself, even apart from his warts, was no Apollo. Hazlitt said Wordsworth had a face like a horse; and Coleridge lamented that his own countenance was fat, with the mouth always dropped open. Gibbon and Pitt looked like caricatures by Bateman, and Wilkes was cross-eyed. It is still true that you cannot judge by appearances; and we don't really know what some of the Victorians did look like; if you turn to the only impressive portraits of Ruskin, Darwin and others you can scarcely see the men for their whiskers. Moreover, one has to remember that the Victorian Age lasted for sixty years, and it is not twenty since it ended. It will be more suggestive to compare the new era with the old in forty years' time. We may have been slower in starting, but so was the tortoise, and who can possibly prophesy what the next forty years may bring forth? Instead of despondently suppressing ourselves with a conviction that all the best has been, we shall do better to go forward in Barrie's gospel of hope and courage, and see what happens.

I have not yet had an opportunity of reading what I am told is a very remarkable book, "The Story of Mankind," by Hendrik Van Loon. American critics are comparing it with Mr. Wells's "Outline of History," and giving it the palm. It is having an enormous sale in the United States, and is to be published here very shortly by Messrs. Harrap, and that it will make as wide an appeal in this country seems to be a foregone conclusion. Mr. Van Loon writes primarily as an artist, choosing for his motto Montaigne's assertion, "I do not teach; I merely tell." He tells his story of the past of the human race as any story worth the telling should be told, with humour, irony, dramatic simplicity, and for its own sake. He has aimed at a vivid and moving narration of incidents and events, and at recreating the people of the past and bringing them before his reader as they were, in all their human strength and weaknesses.

Photo by Lena Connell. **Miss Cicely Hamilton,**

whose new novel, "Theodore Savage" (Leonard Parsons), is reviewed in this Number.

Mr. Van Loon came to his task from natural inclination, and his experiences enabled him to come to it with the right broad-minded unacademic outlook. He was born at Rotterdam, in 1882, and received his early tuition in the private schools of The Hague and of Gouda, where he says he spent endless hours upon Latin, Greek and a half-dozen modern languages, openly rebelling at the absurd way in which history was taught, but without other result than failing to pass examinations in that particular subject. His summers were spent in travelling about Europe alone, and he happened to meet friendly Americans, who gathered that he was not quite happy in his own country (for no reason except, in his own words, that he was constantly in rebellion against the Chinese antiquity of many Dutch institutions) and, on their advice, he at length emigrated to the States. There, still holding to unconventional notions of history and how it should be taught, he set himself to master his subject. He took special courses in history, economics and the history of art at Cornell and Harvard; then, in order to learn how to apply his knowledge to popular uses, he entered the service of the Associated Press. Having been well grounded, at Washington, in the elementary routine of the newspaper office, he went for some years as the Press correspondent to Moscow, Petrograd and Warsaw. But finding, after the Russian Revolution of 1906 had been suppressed, that his work degenerated to mere

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Muriel Stuart,**

whose new book, "Poems," Messrs. Heinemann are publishing this month.

newspaper reporting, he resigned and resumed his history studies. For five years (1907–12) he followed courses in modern history, economics and art at Munich; and, in 1913, went to Paris, where he received his Ph.D. Then he returned to America and, while he was teaching the History of Art at Wisconsin University, tried (not too successfully, he says) to interest teachers in the graphic historical method he had made his own. With the outbreak of the war he immediately re-entered the service of the Associated Press, and was sent to those out-of-the-way parts of Europe where his cosmopolitan knowledge of languages enabled him to mingle with all manner of people and observe things without being too much observed, till an accident in 1917 compelled him to give up active work as a war correspondent.

Mr. Hendrik W. Van Loon,
Author of "The Story of Mankind," which Messrs. Harrap are publishing.

Photo by F. W. Swaine. **Miss M. Maas.**

Turning once again to teaching, he was given free rein to try experiments on his own lines in the private school of one of the most progressive of American educationists, with entirely satisfactory results. He greatly enjoys telling history stories, and found he could impart his enjoyment to his juvenile audiences to such an extent that they notoriously preferred listening to his dramatic narratives to almost any other attraction in or out of school. "The Story of Mankind" was written with this practice and these experiences of life to guide him. Everything is interesting if you know how to write about it interestingly, and Mr. Van Loon seems to have realised both this and that, and so to have set himself to make history what it really is—more wonderful and fascinating that any tale that was ever imagined.

You would guess from his name that Mr. Van Loon was Dutch, but it is not always safe to depend on such indications of nationality. Miss M. Maas, whose romance of sixteenth-century Holland, "The Two Flames," was recently published by Mr. Jonathan Cape, has been spoken of by one or two critics as a Dutchman, and she protests that her Christian name is Mabel, that she was born in London, educated in England, and has never been nearer to Holland than Camden Town. Her parents, moreover, are Lancashire people.

Maud I. Nisbet, whose novel, "Many Altars," has just been published by Mr. John Long, is the daughter of the late J. F. Nisbet, for twenty-three years dramatic critic of *The Times*, and author of "The Insanity of Genius," "The Human Machine," etc. She began writing fiction very early and had published several short stories before she was fifteen. After her marriage she lived for some time in the Transvaal, and had exciting adventures in accompanying her husband on horseback into remote parts of Swaziland and Portuguese East Africa. From Africa she went to South America, and made her home in Buenos Aires, and later in semi-civilised parts to the north of the Argentine. She was on the Vosges when the war began, and had difficulty in making her way to England, where, with her extensive knowledge of languages, she did good work in the Censor's Department. "Many Altars" was one of certain novels that came near to winning the prize in Mr. Long's recent £500 Novel Competition; and two other of these, "The House of Ogilvy," by Winifred Duke, and "Shadow Show," by Viola Bankes, have also just been published, as well as a new novel, "The Measure of Youth," by the prizewinner of that competition, Mrs. Emmeline Morrison.

Miss Maud I. Nisbet
(Mrs. M. J. Robertson),
whose new novel, "Many Altars," Mr. John Long has just published.

Mrs. St. John Loe,
whose clever novel, "Spilled Wine," published recently by Messrs. Duckworth, is having a very successful reception.

Are any of us ever unreservedly and fearlessly truthful in writing of ourselves and our experiences? Pepys seems to have been, and Marie Bashkirtseff perhaps, and

Miss Winifred Duke.
Author of "The House of Ogilvy" (John Long).

Barbellion; but as a rule one suspects discreet suppressions even in the most outspoken memoirs. In view of this general reticence, it will be interesting to note the results of a prize competition Messrs. Philpot announce for a Book of Self-Revelation, which may take the form of a diary, journal or novel, the merit of the book not depending on its disclosure of sensational or morbid details, but on its being courageously true to the facts of the life it records, telling the story of actual happenings and revealing the good and bad effects of those happenings on the development of the author's character. That none may be deterred by the fear of publicity, every competitor may remain anonymous and communicate with the publisher through a third person. The prize will be a £250 advance on account of royalties, paid on publication, and further royalties if the sale of the book earns them.

Miss Dorcthea Fairbridge.

Mr. Edmund Blunden, whose second book of poems, "The Shepherd" (Cobden-Sanderson) more than fulfils the high promise of his first, "The Waggoner," is another of the many authors whose careers were for a time ended by the war, during which he was on active service with the 11th Royal Sussex Regiment in France and Belgium. He was a Christ's Hospital boy, and is writing a history of that famous school. He is engaged also on a "Life" of Leigh Hunt, and is preparing for publication, either separately or in one final collection, the many unpublished poems of John Clare, of whom he has already written in divers periodicals as well as in the volume of Clare's poems edited by himself and Alan Porter, for Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson, a year or so ago.

Photo by Basil.

Miss Storm Jameson,
whose new novel, "The Clash" (Heinemann), is reviewed in this number.

"Historic Houses of South Africa," by Dorothea Fairbridge, which is issued jointly by the Oxford Press and Mr. Maskew Miller, of South Africa, has an Introduction by General Smuts, who in writing it has broken his record, for it is the first time he has been persuaded to do this for any author. Miss Fairbridge is a member of one of the oldest and most honoured families in Cape Province, and has long been recognised as one of the leading authorities on the social and intellectual side of Colonial history.

Mr. Edmund Blunden.

In view of a bitter attack on three women reviewers in a recent novel, and the protest in a contemporary against a certain type of fiction largely written by women, a correspondent puts the suggestion to us that women are not capable of fairly judging a book written by a man, nor men of fairly judging a book written by a woman. "Is sex partisanship a weakness in contemporary criticism?" he asks. "Do women praise women's books and men praise men's books, with a lack, conscious or unconscious, of the balance necessary to just criticism?" I should as soon have thought of suggesting that a Scot was incapable of judging a book by an Englishman, an Englishman a book by a Scot, or an Irishman or a Welshman a book by either, for mental and temperamental differences

Mr. Jeffery E. Jeffrey,
whose new book, "Escape," has just been published by Mr. Leonard Parsons.

are more marked between races than between the sexes of the same race. However, the point seemed worth testing by a little experiment, so I selected "Men Limited," by Pearson Choate, a broadly humorous novel, written from an essentially masculine standpoint, and sent copies to two of our reviewers, Miss Rosa L. Shaw and Mr. Wilfrid L. Randell, and here are their opinions:

MEN LIMITED. By Pearson Choate. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A group of demobilised men find civilian life wearisome after the freedom of active service and, logically or not, attribute their boredom to the presence of women. In order to escape from feminine distractions they betake themselves to an untenanted island on the South Coast. The fancy is surely a harmless one, but the eternal predatory feminine refuses to leave the heroes in peace. A party of women anchors off the island in a yacht and proceeds to besiege the Eveless Eden. A war of the sexes is carried on in spirited fashion with honours fairly equally divided, followed by an armistice during which complications arise which result in the resignation of the more susceptible members from "Men Limited." Shorn of its endless speeches and interminable description, nowhere redeemed by any touch of humour, the plot merely suggests a sequence of musical comedy episodes. All the characters converse in speeches of extraordinary length and contentiousness. There is continual tiresome repetition of words and phrases, and in fact altogether too much of the unpleasant suggestion of the tale having been written at so much per line. The theme might have made an amusing short story of a holiday adventure if properly handled, but it has been magnified out of all proportion, its loose amateurish construction making it rather tiresome reading.

ROSA L. SHAW.

MEN LIMITED. By Pearson Choate. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

An excellent idea, a delightful imagination, that of a party of young men on a convenient island, whose inspiring motive is to be free from the intrusion of the feminine. Mr. Pearson Choate makes quite good play with it, but his very theme forbids that his work should be anything more than lively and amusing—this he tacitly admits by his sub-title, "An Impertinence." The island being situated off the coast of England, woman was bound to enter its seclusion sooner or later. First, there is a flirtatious episode on the mainland between one of the party and the daughter of the local innkeeper, which necessitates a fight—well described and exciting; then comes the sudden apparition of a charming girl to the most susceptible and youthful member, who promptly capitulates and falls in love; and then everything is upset by the arrival of a yacht, the charming girls on board (one or two of whom are the legitimate spouses of certain persons on the island, others of whom were destined—need it be said?—to attain a similar station in due course) being partners to a wicked plot to disturb and despoil this Eve-less Eden. So the fun goes on, with a mock-war and armistice and formal notes concerning the surrender of captives, until the author ties up the loose ends and retires. Decidedly he has given us good entertainment of the lighter kind.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

On the face of it, this result might be taken to support our correspondent's contention, but of course it proves only that this book appeals more to one particular man than to one particular woman, and we are no nearer solving the problem than ever. It would be interesting to have the views of some of our readers on this matter, and we offer two small prizes of half a guinea each for the best statements, in not more than fifty words, of why "Men Limited" does and why it does not please the writer. Replies must be posted not later than June 14th, and envelopes should be marked "Men Limited." THE BOOKMAN.

"The King's Pilgrimage," an account of His Majesty's recent journey to the war graves of France and Belgium, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The volume will

Photo by H. Walter Barnett. **Mr. Ben Travers,**
whose successful humorous novel, "The Cuckoo in the Nest" (John Lane), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

include a full text of His Majesty's address at Terlincthun, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The King's Pilgrimage." By His Majesty's desire, the profits from the sale will be distributed among the philanthropic organisations which have been assisting relatives to visit the cemeteries abroad.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing shortly a cheap pocket edition of Mr. Gilbert Thomas's admirable book of essays, "Things Big and Little."

Mr. Reginald Arkell's quaint Little Theatre play, "The Tragedy of Punch and Judy," will be published shortly by Messrs. Duckworth.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

With the third and fourth volumes of "Mr. Punch's History of Modern England" (£3 3s. the 4 vols.; Cassell), Mr. Charles L. Graves completes "Mr. Punch's History of England" from 1841 to 1914. His own comments on passing events and Mr. Punch's dealings with them, combine to make an entertaining and illuminating chronicle of the growth of the nation socially and politically during the last eighty years. Tenniel remains, perhaps, the greatest of the *Punch* cartoonists; but however that may be, he and Leech, Doyle, Keene, du Maurier, Phil May, Townsend, and many another famous draughtsman, all contribute brilliantly toward furnishing a panoramic story of the latter-day public and private life of our own people that could not have been garnered from any other periodical. These books are a mine of information, vividly discussing all recent national developments, and often recording in pictorial jests minor but significant changes in dress and manners that the orthodox historian passes unnoticed. It is none the less good history for being delightfully entertaining.

In his "Pygmalion and Galatea" Sir W. S. Gilbert, whilst complaining that a London fog "veils the face of Beauty," finds consolation in the fact that

"It also hides some very ugly men."

That is all very well from the humorist's point of view, but we, who suffer year in and year out from London's intolerable pall of smoke and dirt, smile somewhat wryly. For the thing is tragic and more than tragic because avoidable. A nigger was once found on a dark day digging a hole in his cellar and, on being asked what it was for, said he was cutting a drain to run off the darkness. We are more foolish than the nigger, because we know how to rid ourselves of mephitic vapours and choose not to. Those who lately read Sir Napier Stow's remarkable article in *The Times* on "Science and the Smoke Evil" will remember that careful measurement of dirt in the atmosphere during the coal strike of May, 1921, showed that the impurities were about two-thirds of what they were in May, 1920, when there was no strike. The moral is self-evident. And now comes a most timely compilation by Lady Betty Melville, "Choose Ye! Darkness or Light" (6d.; published by the S.A.S., 25, Victoria Street, S.W.1), in which the moral is hammered home. Illustrated by remarkable photographs, it shows what London and the great manufacturing towns were like during the strike and what they might permanently be if we would only listen to the voice of reason. Not only would the amenities of life be immeasurably increased, but life itself would be lengthened and wealth would be garnered for its enjoyment. All who would help in this fine work should spend sixpence and learn how it can be accomplished.

In "Broken Horizons," by Dana Burnet (7s. 6d.; Thornton Butterworth), the story of Teresa begins in Cuba, when she is left as a baby at a convent near Havana, wrapped in a lovely old shawl, but with no hint as to who she is or what her parentage may be. Brought up in the convent, she develops into beauty, and finds herself endowed with a marvellous voice. Stephen Millard, a rich New Yorker seeking health in Cuba, has her voice trained, and everything is moving to a happy outcome when Howard Millard, his handsome wastrel brother, turns up, and within three days becomes Teresa's lover for one wild night of moon and south wind, but at dawn he leaves Cuba for France, to join the French army in the Great War. To save Teresa from shame Stephen marries her, in spite of his forty years, but they are wholly apart except for his affection and care and her trust in his kindness. In New York Teresa becomes a great operatic singer and develops in every way, until Howard suddenly reappears after the close of the war. Stephen dies, and Teresa finds that her hate of Howard was only inverted love. Yet Howard miserably fails her again, and that knowledge kills her love effectually, and she turns to her dead lover husband Stephen in spirit. And so she sets out once more for New York and an operatic career and life. The story is purely romantic, and without any realism whatever, or a realism that is romantic imagination. It is written with delicacy and perception, and is full of interest.

"The Call of the Dawn," by Lillie Le Pla (7s. net; Daniel), is a thoughtful novel that provides much food for reflection. The heroine is unusual as novel heroines go in that she combines with undeniable charm an aptitude to think for herself and to think clearly on unconventional lines. You will find women of her type at socialist gatherings and on socialist platforms and in the vanguard of all progressive movements; and the fact that the period of the story is the end of the last century makes her even more advanced than perhaps she would be considered in these later years. The problems, social and religious, which she strives to solve are, however, the problems that still beset us; and the mental struggle of herself and the young secularist whom she loves represents the *sturm und drang* through which all thoughtful youth must pass. Many who read the book will recognise in Reine's questionings and Alan's arguments their own gropings after truth, and the conclusions Reine and Alan arrive at may help some who are yet stumbling in the dark. The interest of the story lies chiefly in the mentality of these two and of those with whom they come in contact; there is plenty of action, but the action largely grows out of the political and religious opinions of the characters. Reine's father is a man of broad views and big-hearted tolerance, which the girl inherits, and the idealism of the book is both noble and inspiring.

THE READER.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

By Thomas Moult.

WHAT a bad habit youth has—in art and letters, at any rate—of watching morbidly for manifestations of decline in the work of his elders! If a career has been marked by some show of success there is positive exultation in the way he listens to the sounding of its "fate motif"; his emotion, indeed, is well-nigh as unholy as it would be at the spectacle of premature decay among artists as young as himself!

When Mr. Arnold Bennett's play, "The Love Match," was lately staged with no great profit either for himself or the public, we saw that youthful habit once again indulging itself; a little less blatantly than usual, however, and with regret rather than wicked glee. The relief of those who, for this occasion only, may be styled our young Jonahs, will be immeasurable as they read "Mr. Prohack," his new novel, and realise through its brilliance how false was their misgiving. For Mr. Bennett, more than most of his generation, has gained the esteem of his juniors, and forfeited none of their respect. Why this is so cannot be explained by any single cause; although, if the inquiry is to be pursued and one may be allowed to make of it a personal affair, few of Mr. Bennett's activities can have made so round and lasting an impression as his literary causerie in the *New Age* a dozen years ago, under the pseudonym of "Jacob Tonson." Almost one might rank that good work next in effectiveness to the book which stands practically alone in post-Victorian fiction, "The Old Wives' Tale."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Arnold Bennett.

In our own day the periodicals and reviews boast their literary causeries just as they did when Mr. Bennett thought it worth while to size up regularly for the reader's edification whatever work his contemporaries might chance to be publishing. But no causerie now appearing can help us to understand how deep was the mark that "Jacob Tonson" made, or how good the air smelt when he had cleared it—latterly a causerie-writer regards it as his business to fog the air; he would never dream of trying to clear it! Being individual expressions of opinion, no second person could well admit that Mr. Bennett's pronouncements were always accurate; but through his fearlessness and determination never to suffer literary fools gladly he gained every one's confidence. Nor has it been forfeited. Collected four or five years ago into a volume entitled "Books and Persons," those comments stand as the best record of a past epoch in English letters.

It is worth our while to go back for a moment to "The Old Wives' Tale" also, Mr. Bennett's own career having reached in this year of grace a stage at which he is able to print opposite to his title pages a list of books that includes eighteen novels, seven fantasias, three volumes of short stories, nineteen of belles-lettres and eight of plays, apart from collaborations with Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Mr. Edward Knoblock! In all this bulk there is nothing, considered as a whole, which can be regarded as better than that epic narrative of the Five Towns and Paris, published in 1907. There are sections, of course, here and there in the other books that surpass any fragment "The Old Wives' Tale" may hold, if we agree to omit the guillotine scene in the second half. "Quite unsurpassed in our day," Mr. H. L. Mencken has lately written, "are the shoe-shining episode in 'The Pretty Lady,' the adulterous interlude in 'Whom God Hath Joined,' the dinner-party in 'Paris Nights,' the whole discussion of the Cannon-Ingram marriage in 'The Roll Call,' the studio party in 'The Lion's Share.'" And few folk will be disposed to quarrel with the assertion. Most of us will tack on to it our own additional preferences. One reader, for his part, would add the beautiful essay on Swinburne, written at the poet's death.

Beauty is not a quality we are accustomed to associate with Mr. Bennett's work, just as it is not recognised, by folk who ought to know better, in the full-blooded physical movement of professional football. Kindly understanding, yes; sardonic wit, yes again; but beauty, no. And yet curiously enough, and perhaps for the first time in literature, beauty has come of the efficient union of these, perhaps because we had already learnt to acknowledge it in M. Anatole France's Bennett-like attitude to humanity summed up in one borrowed phrase, "They were born, they suffered, they died." Mr. Bennett's quality of beauty is to be found in "The Old Wives' Tale" especially. Consider its opening words, following immediately on "Chapter I: The Square: 1":

"Those two girls, Constance and Sophia Baines, paid no heed to the manifold interest of their situation, of which, indeed, they had never been conscious. They were, for example, established almost precisely on the fifty-third parallel of latitude. A little way to the north of them,

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in the creases of a hill famous for its religious orgies, rose the river Trent, the calm and characteristic stream of middle England. Somewhat further northwards, in the near neighbourhood of the highest public-house in the realm, rose two lesser rivers, the Dane and the Dove, which, quarrelling in early infancy, turned their backs on each other, and, the one by favour of the Weaver and the other by favour of the Trent, watered between them the whole width of England, and poured themselves respectively into the Irish Sea and the German Ocean. What a country of modest, unnoticed rivers!"—

and so on. There is something classically beautiful about a beginning like that. The whole work, indeed, is classic in its proportions. The architectonics, to employ a phrase usually confined to music, are tremendous, and the characterisation, so far as it goes, superb. It is the rather limited characterisation, perhaps, that has led those who think most highly of the book to qualify their appreciation. "*Almost* a big book," they will say, and it is ironical that the novel should have been composed during a phase of mordancy in which, to Mr. Bennett, there was no salvation for the male half of our race, when previously (as shown in his anonymous and never republished "Savoir Faire Papers" in *T.P.'s Weekly*) and afterwards (as in "The Card," and now in "Mr. Prohack") he is able to portray men as charming and lovable in their way as, say, even Mr. Polly, and that is saying a good deal.

The spirit of "The Old Wives' Tale" is utilitarian, its method Fabian. His general policy indeed is one of peaceful permeation. There is nothing venturous about Mr. Bennett so far as this one novel is concerned. Rather he is a Sancho Panza of the pen, a shrewd and canny novelist content to plod long enough for the acquirement of a kingdom. And yet we have only to turn to "The Pretty Lady," or to his weekly essay that appeared in the *Daily News* during the war, to know that he can do his share of tilting windmills. If only instead of the contemptible Gerald that unfortunate Sophia had absconded with some splendid devil! If only the mean Mr. Povey had been a younger Mr. Prohack! . . .

But this is rather presuming on a mere book-reviewer's knowledge of Mr. Bennett's latest publication,* acquired more or less in advance of the general reader. Mr. Prohack is a Treasury official whose rather meagre finances suddenly achieve fatness through a windfall which enables his wife and children to cut various fine figures in smart West End society, a distinction which includes an occasional reproduction of their photographs in the front page of *The Daily Picture*. Mr. Prohack himself looks on genially, appreciating with the smack of a born connoisseur the lift into luxury which he is human enough not to disdain for himself. Whether he is bandying words with his own charming and acutely sensible daughter at Putney, rescuing his son from an embarrassing situation in the City, quarrelling with his wife about their new mansion in Manchester Square, or resisting the blandishments of the elderly Lady Massulam at Frinton-on-Sea, there is such a lovable air about him that we desire nothing so much at the close of the story as a sequel—a rare compliment this, seeing how seldom the modern novel stirs one to it! There is no reason why we should not be allowed to follow Mr. Prohack's second career in business—he becomes tired of Grand Babylon Hotels, Turkish Baths, and first night affairs at delectably-named revues like "Smack Your Face." And as Mr. Bennett is already a fairly experienced hand at sequels, gay like "The Regent," or serious like "These Twain," to ask for another half-gay, half-serious narrative concerning the adorable Prohack family is not exactly asking for the moon.

There is always a serious side to Mr. Bennett's novels, and it is this aspect of "Mr. Prohack" that holds us long after our suspicions are confirmed within us that our interest has been gained by a trick—after all, if impecunious folk like ourselves are intrigued by a description of the doings of some one who has suddenly been endowed with all the luxuries denied to us, we are living in the same glamorous atmosphere as the servant girl who is entranced by a novelette about dukes and duchesses! And yet, would not a novelette be sufficient in itself to hold us if it only contained one solitary phrase as brilliant as "Mr. Prohack's self-protective instinct at once converted him into a porcupine"? Surely that sentence would be enough to brand the author as out of the ordinary ruck of authors, just as a drawing or woodcut with Mr. Paul Nash's monograph in a corner is something out of the ordinary ruck of illustration. It announces Mr. Bennett's particular quality in the way that Mr. Harold Samuel announces his in a couple of chords struck casually on the piano at the commencement of a Bach recital. The serious side of Mr. Bennett's art generally includes an exposition of his social and ethical attitude in flashing, unobtrusive asides; an attitude, radical and honest, which not even the war made inconsistent, so that to this day we pick out with unfailing relish those soliloquies of his, and without the uneasy feeling that they are done with tongue in cheek, a belated endeavour to rehabilitate himself. There is, for example, the incident of the luxurious Prohack car being held up by a procession of unemployed. "'Instead of encouraging them, the police ought to forbid these processions of unemployed,' said Eve gravely. 'They're becoming a perfect nuisance.' 'Why!' said Mr. Prohack, 'this car of yours is a procession of unemployed.' This sardonic pleasantry pleased Mr. Prohack as much as it displeased Mrs. Prohack." Or there is the retort of Charles, the son, to his father's question, "Why spend money uneconomically?":

"Because I said and swore I would. Didn't I come back from the war and try all I knew to obtain the inestimable privilege of earning my living by doing something useful? Did I succeed in obtaining the privilege? Why, nobody would look at me! And there were tens of thousands like me. Well, I said I'd take it out of this noble country of mine, and I am doing; and I shall keep on doing until I'm tired. These thirty men or so here might be at some useful productive work, fishing or merchant-marining. They're otherwise engaged. . . . That's what I enjoy. It makes me smile to myself when I wake up in the middle of the night. I'm showing my beloved country who's won the Peace."

The truth is, of course, that even when that dread "fate motif" really sounds the decline of Mr. Bennett, as it must sound for every writer sooner or later except the gods love him and he dies young, he will always have

* "Mr. Prohack." By Arnold Bennett. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

his saving grace of enthusiasm for youth. Sir James Barrie may confess to the possession of a better half in M'Connachie, but the author of "The Old Wives' Tale" is complete in himself. Those who have met Mr. Bennett personally knew Mr. Prohack long before he was set down on paper. For he himself is Prohack. One of the most admirable actions in Mr. Bennett's literary career, that which readily appeals to the few who are able properly to understand it, is well described in "The Truth about an Author," where he tells how he gave up a position of rapidly increasing importance in London journalism (among "the people who write from ten to fifty thousand words a week without chattering about it") in order to get away and write the books he desired to write. The best of all his novels was the ultimate outcome of this courageous step, one dare speculate, and Mr. Bennett experienced much during the years of its composition, for in order to keep his body and soul from judicial separation he wrote perforce every now and then a little volume that tells us how to live on seven days a week or how to wind up our brains every morning as we wind up our watches at bedtime. If the tragic significance of it could only be fully realised by the prosperous young amateurs who have so little notion of what Grub Street means that they are ready at any time to take the crust out of the mouths of those who live in its shadow, something would need to be added to the explanation at the beginning of this essay why Mr. Bennett has not merely forfeited nobody's respect, but gained the esteem of a whole generation younger than his own. In Herr Stefan Zweig's biographical study of the author of "Jean Christophe" we are told how M. Rolland left the theatre, renounced his professorial chair, and retired to a humble Paris attic; then, without any guarantee of publication, without financial subsidy, he spent ten years in hermit-like seclusion, working patiently and humbly on his masterpiece. We can pay no greater tribute to the devotion which produced "The Old Wives' Tale" than to emphasise that the English writer whose single-mindedness has brought back to mind M. Rolland and "Jean Christophe" is Mr. Arnold Bennett himself.

HOW NOVELISTS DRAW THEIR CHARACTERS.

The three questions are (1) Do you generally draw your characters from models in real life? (2) Do characters so drawn seem more real in the story, or to yourself, than those that are purely imaginary? (3) Which is your own favourite among all the characters in your books?

MR. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON:

(1) I never model my characters on definite living persons. My characters either come to me in some mysterious way I can't explain (and always with their names attached, which is odd: I never have to seek about for a name: the character arrives with one, and I couldn't possibly use any other), or else I imagine them out of the faces of people I see in the streets or in public places. That is my conscious way of getting characters. I see a face, and away goes my imagination into the face's life, career, friends—all kinds of things. The longest (and best) short story I have written was written for me from start to finish by the faces of a man and girl opposite to me for two stations in the tube! I think this trick is responsible for the exaggeration with which (they tell me) I sometimes draw a character. If a whimsical personality is suggested to me by a face I do certainly imagine it away to grotesque lengths, and such characters would be more exaggerated than (apparently) they are if I set them down unmodified. My mind, with a character in embryo, will sometimes flicker over some one I know and perhaps pick up a shade or two, but the character wouldn't be *mine* in the way in which my people are mine if any living individuality got in the way.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson.**

(2) Is answered in the above. A character from an actual person wouldn't, for me, have existed at all. All my own exist with a reality that often is very moving to me.

(3) When I've done a book, it's done, and the people with whom I have lived so long and so closely go right away and don't belong to me any more. So I can't select a favourite, because they've all gone. My favourite, most passionately, is the leading one in the book I happen to be writing at the moment. Never more so, never to anything like the same extent, as the one in the novel I have just finished. But every author says this, doesn't he? Alas, she and it will be sliding away from me and belonging to other people about the time (I expect) these lines are printed.

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.

MR. W. J. LOCKE:

My answers are as follows:

(1) Never.

(2) Therefore, in parliamentary jargon, "doesn't arise."

(3) Perhaps Septimus, who has always struck me as being rather a dear ass.

W. J. LOCKE.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. W. J. Locke.**

Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Mrs. Henry Dudeney.**

MRS. HENRY DUDENEY:

(1) I always have, for the major characters in a novel, living models; but from the physical side only; and even then I am not too photographic—or I might lose a few friends. The little characters just occur. They crop up as I go along. The moral and spiritual side of all the characters develops instinctively, as the story develops. But I always know at the begininng what they are going to do, and whether they will come to a good or a bad end.

(2) I can't answer this question, because the real and the imaginary become so fused in my mind.

(3) Angelina Peachey, in "Set to Partners."

ALICE DUDENEY.

MR. E. TEMPLE THURSTON:

The characters in my novels are nearly all of them drawn from actual people, and with this origin, or when perhaps they may be composite portraits, they seem to me at least to be more real than those which are purely imaginary.

Photo by Florence Vandaman. **Mr. E. Temple Thurston.**

My favourite character in any of my books is that of Richard Furlong in that trilogy of books called "The Achievement of Richard Furlong."

These replies have no reference to the characters in the book I have just finished. Possibly one always thinks one's last is one's best, and as it is not yet published I suppose it will not be of interest to your readers if I include the character of Mary Kirwan, the heroine of my new book. This is an Irish story of the faery beliefs in the West of Ireland, based upon the burning of a witch which took place in Kilkenny about twenty to thirty years ago.

Photo by Gyde. **Miss Rose Macaulay.**

I hope these answers are what you require.

E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

MISS ROSE MACAULAY:

(1) Not usually.

(2) No; about the same.

(3) I do not like any of them much.

ROSE MACAULAY.

MISS MARY CHOLMONDELEY:

(1) No.

(2) Only one of my characters has been taken from life, namely, that of Dick Vernon in "Red Pottage." It was a portrait of my brother, with his permission. Dick Vernon is my favourite among the characters in my books.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Miss Mary Cholmondeley.**

MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW.

BY FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

IMMEDIATELY I saw her, I felt extremely doubtful that I was going to interview Miss Grimshaw; when we had been talking for three minutes I was perfectly certain that I was not.

I am not going to use that horrible old catch-phrase and say that *she* interviewed *me*. Nobody interviewed anybody, but we talked enormously—sometimes at the same time, for which I apologise, but it was all so frightfully interesting, and the time was so short. . . . Of course, when two people who have Irish blood in their veins meet, conversation inevitably becomes an argument; so we argued for a delightful hour—a complicated argument that included Books, the State of Ireland To-day, and the Problem of the Education of Savage Races. And we said a great number of things which are no business of yours, and which I will not tell you, but which made me feel that I had known Miss Grimshaw for about thirty-seven years. In that last sentence, I think, lies the whole secret of her charm.

Shall I say that she is *sympathetic*? In my dictionary there are twenty-two lines of close type devoted to this word and its derivatives (including references to viscera,

blood-vessels, and other horrible things), and they utterly fail to touch my meaning. It is not that her sympathy makes her desire to understand your point of view; she understands it better than you do yourself, sometimes—or at least can express it better.

When I read her new book, "Conn of the Coral Sands,"* which I did with great care, I found it very interesting as a novel of adventure, and unusually graphic as a piece of descriptive writing; but I was conscious at the same time that there was a quality in the book which lifted it above the level of the ordinary novel. I experienced the same sensation after reading her short stories, of which "The Little Red Speck"† is a typical collected volume. It was not until I had left the hotel and was walking down the street annoying people by bumping into them that I suddenly realised what that quality was: it was her extraordinary *understanding*. When she writes of men she writes as though she were a man herself; when she writes of women you do not need to read her name on the title page to appreciate her femininity. She is in no sense a masculine woman, but she has the gift of seeing just a little farther into the secret chambers of the mind than you expect:

"The little more and how much it is,
The little less, and what worlds away."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Beatrice Grimshaw.**

The daily press greeted Miss Grimshaw's arrival in England, after an absence of fifteen years, with typical newspaper enthusiasm: had she not actually lived, moved, and had her being in the neighbourhood of genuine cannibals—gentlemen who indubitably ate human flesh when opportunity offered? Cinema stars and even professional boxers had to take a back seat for the moment. It was handsomely admitted that she had written some stories, but cannibals, my dear friend, cannibals! That was the stunt. Every drawing-room in London would have opened its doors to her, and if she had chosen to appear in a (discreet) native costume, with perhaps a piece of raw meat in her hand to enhance the effect, why, so much the better. Unfortunately, Miss Grimshaw, not being a cinema star or a professional boxer, but merely a very charming and clever woman, refused to avail herself of her opportunities of being lionised; she did not even make a public speech explaining Why the World is so Horribly Upset, and What the British Government Ought to Do about it. But that does not prevent her from having very definite opinions, all the same.

Born at Cloona (Co. Antrim), she was educated at Caen (France), Victoria College, Belfast, and Bedford College, London. She suffers from a constitutional inability to understand why "men should do all the interesting things," and at an early age she decided to do some herself. After some casual journalism for Dublin and other publications, she was commissioned by the *Graphic* to do a series of articles on the South Seas, and the Islands cast a spell about her that has never been broken. She knows the Pacific as few people do, but she has found time also to pay visits to North America, Italy, Austria, Spain, and other places. She has penetrated where no other white person has set foot; she has passed through adventures that would make a good many men thoughtful. But these things are to her matters of course; she is a poor performer on the trumpet and possesses no big drum. She has built herself a house called "Coral-sands" (Can't you see it? Sunshine and palms, and white beach, and tall woody peaks reaching into a blue sky) on Sariba Island, Samarai, Papua. She plants as well as writing books, and holds strong views on the education of the natives. I was glad to find at last a genuine traveller who had some use for the right kind of missionary, and was prepared to speak well of the Government methods of handling the highly intelligent brown population of New Guinea. Technical education, she told me, is so successful that you may take a brown man from the interior—one who had never even seen a white man before—bring him down to the coast, treat him with wise kindness, and in six months that man will drive your motor-car for you or handle your motor launch as expertly as a Clydeside Jock.

I wish I had space to give Miss Grimshaw's views on the future of the native (by which I mean what are conveniently termed the "lower") races of the world; it is a problem which must exercise us very gravely sooner or later, and, at the present rate of the world's progress, possibly sooner than is generally realised. Of course, trade interests have to be encountered, for the practical enslavement of coloured labour means big profits; but in New Guinea, at least, the authorities are fully alive to this danger, and the idea that the brown man is the natural servant of the white is discouraged. But it is of Beatrice Grimshaw the author that I set out to write. There are, to me, two outstanding features in her writings: her understanding of human nature and her power of description. There is no need to illustrate her books; her own words conjure up pictures as accurate as they are enchanting; one hears the thunder of the surf on the beach, and feels the whip of the trade-wind on one's cheek; one sees the schooner unloading her stores, the pearler watching his native divers at work, the trader sweating behind the counter of his store, the police officer with his handful of brown policemen toiling

* "Conn of the Coral Sands." 7s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)
† "The Little Red Speck." 7s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

XUM

through the forest in search of a native who has murdered an acquaintance and sees no particular reason why he should not, since he is prepared to pay for his amusement; one feels the spell of the Islands growing stronger until—well, I had to jump into a bus to keep myself from rushing into the nearest shipping office and demanding a ticket to the Ocean of Dreams. But there is another side to it—the "shadow of the palm." What that means, you who read her books may learn for yourselves. I do not say that her books are perfect; the perfect book has never been written. In "Conn of the Coral Sands," for example, the whole of the Rogers-Gatehouse affair is badly done, but that is a minor matter in the story, after all. I can safely say that I have never been bored by anything that Miss Grimshaw has written, and I have frequently been tremendously amused, sometimes uplifted, and occasionally moved very nearly to tears by the realism of her stories. I would be sorry that Miss Grimshaw is about to return to New Guinea did I not know that back in her palm-shaded house she will take up her pen again, and that presently there will come to us from the Southern Seas new stories of those Islands of Sun and —Shadow.

SHOULD NOVELISTS TELL THE TRUTH?

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

MISS ZONA GALE, the author of that very successful novel in the United States, "Miss Lulu Bett," recently asked several leading questions of her fellow writers and readers. First, she wanted to know if books about lovely living or books about living that is unlovely, are popular.

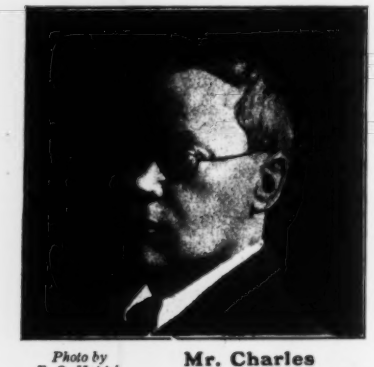

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Charles Hanson Towne.**

For my own part, I think it makes no difference at all. In America, at one time—and I've been an editor of popular magazines for eighteen years, having served on *The Smart Set*, the Butterick publications (including *Everybody's* and *The Delineator*) and, until a year ago, on *McClure's*—there was a craze for the so-called "happy ending." It went so far that I remember one frightened editor (I won't tell the name of his magazine!) giving this recipe to an equally frightened author: "We want young love stories, laid in America; and they must be absolutely clean, and end on a high note of optimism." Can you think of anything more destructive to honest effort, more devastating to artistic endeavour? I believe the frightened author is now a bootlegger, and coining money. The editor is probably in the poor-house.

Is Miss Gale's last novel "happy"? I should hardly say so. But it is an enormous success. Is "Main Street" happy? No; yet it has earned I don't know how many dollars for clever Sinclair Lewis. Is "Privilege" filled with Pollyanna "gladness"? Thank God, no! But it will make Michael Sadleir famous on two continents. I think it is as great as "Wuthering Heights," or anything the Brontë sisters ever wrote. Is that powerful novel, "The Dragon in Shallow Waters," by Miss Sackville-West, "pretty"? A thousand times no! Yet I defy anyone to begin it, and not finish it. I could go on enumerating books of unpleasant character that achieved thrilling sales in their day: "Pigs in Clover," "Sir Richard Calmady," "The Gadfly" and "Red Pottage," to name only a few. Is "Revolution" by J. D. Beresford "pleasant"? And how about the big-selling, robust Frank Swinnerton? I don't call May Sinclair a "happy" or an "uplift" writer. Nor is Conrad concerned always with making the weary world laugh. What nonsense it is to try to catalogue literature; to endeavour to make it conform to certain rules and specifications. Like the poets, the novelists are not to be moulded into shape, whittled down to a definite pattern. Of course not. Art is not produced where there are restrictions. Art grows out of freedom.

Miss Gale wanted to know if the American novel should give us the beauty of daily living. But *is* daily living beautiful? The American novel—the novel of any country—should give us life as it is, not as we wish it to be. Rebecca West wrote a wonderful story of a shell-shocked soldier. Now, no one likes to consider shell-shocked men, home from a ghastly war, unable to recall their home or best beloved. Yet there were the facts. There was life, suddenly, terrifyingly hideous, and Miss West had to write about it as she saw it. And the truth helps us all to wipe out error and falsehood.

Miss Gale asked if any novel should give us the wholesome but unpleasant truths about our own country. I have already answered that question. A people who cannot face facts do not deserve to go on existing. I have always admired the British characteristic of being able to make fun of yourselves. I think *Punch* and Bairnsfather helped just as definitely to win the war as machine guns and lines of troops. You saw the grim humour of yourselves behind the tragic mask of yourselves—there is humour behind every tragedy, just as there is tragedy behind all humour. If you laugh too much, you weep. If you weep too much, you come to hysteria. A man named Ben Hecht has written a remarkable novel called "Erik Dorn" which reveals the city of Chicago just as it is—an ugly growing boy who needs a hair cut. Americans—particularly Chicagoans—will "eat it up," as we say. We too can laugh at ourselves. We do not relish, always, the sudden sight of ourselves in a street mirror. We are generally unprepared for the shock! But we laughingly accept it if we are of the right stuff. You see, we have to!

I used to tell all young promising writers, when I was editing *McClure's*, that there were three essentials for the budding author. He must have faith, hope and clarity—and the greatest of these is clarity! For

clarity is truth. And without truth there can be no progress in art.

We have short-story writers in America who are telling the grim truth. Katharine Fullerton Gerould for one, Willa Cather for another, not to forget Edna Ferber and Fannie Hurst—all women too, you see. Powerful writers. We seem to excel at the short story—our swiftness, our eagerness to reach a goal almost the moment a race has begun may account for it. But the English novelists beat ours almost every time. You express yourselves in terms of leisure; therefore your slow-moving, quiet story-telling comes out of a national characteristic. There we get back to truth once more. You write as you feel, as you are. So do we in America. We are restless. There is more oxygen in our air. Why shouldn't we write, then, energetically and swiftly, just as you write slowly and distinctly, I was going to say!

Watch some of our younger novelists grow. Read the next books of Scott Fitzgerald, Ben Hecht, Ben Ames Williams, Joseph Hergesheimer, Sinclair Lewis, Floyd Dell and Miss Gale. They are all telling the truth. No one can do more.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best short passage from English literature in praise of the Gardener.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to E. Beechey, of 87, Woodland Road, Bristol, and Rudolf Robert, of 151, Locking Road, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset, for the following:

THE JEWELLER'S SHOP WINDOW.

I stand and dream—
Of blue-green seas buried within this opal,
Of fiercest fires seeking to hide their frenzy
Behind a milk-white polish—craft of workman
Who set this stone to make a ring for you.

Like chilly raindrops there upon chaste velvet
The tears of Mélisande lie cold and ghostly,
And Beauty with pale fingers twines the tendrils
That make a pendant for my lady's chain.

See, here is gold, spun in a sun-lit chamber,
And yellow wine drunk to forget the passion
Of last night's pain. (Dear, how we pay for sweetness!)
These amber beads, they say, are much in fashion!
Where the lush grass springs new beneath our footstep,
Where the clean waters wash a Cornish headland,
Where the sea hides the mermaids of our childhood,
There is the mirror called an emerald.

E. BEECHEY.

NOCTURNE.

There is a singing where the roses blow
Moonblanched upon the lisping waterside;
There is a sighing where the tall barques glide
Ghostlike, across the shade-steeped bay below.

Wherefore, frail fingers, do you tremble so
Crushing the crimson petal in its pride?
Wherefore, pale bosom, is your love denied
That was confessed so true a while ago?

There is a fluttering of damask wings
Against the silver of the rising moon;
There is a breath of sea-shore whisperings
And stirring sail upon the soft lagoon—

Adieu—sweet little coward heart—adieu,
The sea-scents lure—I plead no more with you!

RUDOLF ROBERT.

We also select for printing:

THE REVENANT.

Why should I hear your step again,
Your hand upon the gate?
Once my whole heart was listening—while
You bade me wait!
If I could turn away, and leave
You standing so—
I would be loyal to that love
That now I know.

Why should I hear your voice again?
That music of lost things.
The darkness round me stirs and sighs,
As with the beat of wings.
There is a crying in the night,
My soul is cold with fear—
I had won peace, and now—again
It is your voice I hear.

Why should you come to me again,
And claim your own too late?
Once I had died for such an hour,
Now—I am mocked of fate.

XUM

What I have given I gave indeed,
Of what avail regret ?
Only—a crying fills the night—
God ! that I may forget !

(Dorothy Hope, Southwold, Suffolk.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Roland Sutton (Cirencester), Vivien Ford (Kensington), Eileen Newton (Whitby), B. Ionides (Hove), G. Laurence Groom (Regent's Park), Winnifred Tasker (Middleham), Phyllis M. Bailey (Putney), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), Gwendolyn Wilkinson (London, S.W.), Dorothy E. Gunningham (London, N.W.), William A. G. Kemp (Northwood), Ivy Chambers (Clifton), Alice Youle Hind (Brighton), Oscar Williams (Brooklyn, New York), L. M. Priest (Norwich), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), Thora Stowell (Maadi, Egypt), Margery Constance Nudd (Yiewsley), P. Page (Portsmouth), Jessie E. Greenwood (Wallington), Thomas Edmund Kinna (Port Elizabeth, South Africa), Elsie Beatrice Burkitt (Bradford), Norah Story (Ontario), Victor Ventris-Field (Stroud), T. Oldham (Bolton), Hilda E. de Fleury (Tadworth), J. Nundy (Hyderabad), Phyllis Erica Noble (Forest Rise), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), L. L. Burton (Dargaville, New Zealand), Una Malleson (London, W.), D. M. James (Cambridge), Katherine Ford (Norwich), Mariquita Gutierrez (San Sebastian, Spain), W. M. Rowland (Rogerstone Moor), M. Walters Mountjoy (Michigan, U.S.A.), A. J. Daubeny (Cheltenham), E. Lewis (Mansfield), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), Margaret Aldridge (Harrow), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), J. C. Turner (Cardiff).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. M. E. Brown, of 27, Claremont Crescent, Sheffield, for the following :

DEAD RECKONING. BY ERIC LEADBITTER.
(Allen & Unwin.)

" Two of us in the churchyard lie."
WORDSWORTH, *We Are Seven*.

We also select for printing :

DISENCHANTMENT. BY C. E. MONTAGUE.
(Chatto & Windus.)

" When she got there, the cupboard was bare."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 11, Guildford Road, Tunbridge Wells.)

HIS GRACE GIVES NOTICE. BY LADY TROUBRIDGE.
(Methuen.)

" Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness."
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, Act III, Sc. 2.

(Sidney J. Green, 201, Twickenham Road, Leytonstone, E.11.)

III.—The PRIZE for the best short sentence made up entirely of the names of books, persons, places or things mentioned in the advertisement pages of our last Number is divided, and Two BOOKS each awarded to G. Coulter, of " Kenmure," Priory Street, Cheltenham, and N. M. Butterfield, of 163, Coventry Road, Ilford, for the following :

Americans, to the last man,
(p. 3 cover) (p. 2 cover)
Drinkwater. (Editor, " The Liar ! ")
(p. 3 cover) (p. 3 cover) (p. 95)

G. COULTER,

Driving, approaching, putting—it's all in the game
(p. i advts.) (p. i advts.)
to him that hath the science of golf.
(p. 2 cover) (p. i advts.)

N. M. BUTTERFIELD.

Two of the best replies fail because competitors have introduced words that are not names of books, persons, places or things. We specially commend Dr. R. J. Shaw (Leeds), Marion Burd (Birmingham), Isabel Rozet (Kensington), A. Campling (Bickley), Mrs. F. E. Talland (Leckford), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), K. Bruce (Glasgow), R. G. Wyatt (Norbury), S. M. Isaacson (London, S.W.), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley), Miss Annand (Hove), Miles March (Liverpool), Rev. C. H. Steel (Coldstream), Isobel M. Turner (Ipswich), A. C. Marshall (Edinburgh), L. Barber-Wright (Brixton), Felix Webster (Walworth).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best 100-word review is awarded to Miss J. A. Jenkins, of Edge Hill College, Liverpool, for the following :

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WELL-MEANING WOMAN.
BY STEPHEN MCKENNA. (Cassell.)

" Is it a clever book ? " asks the would-be reader. " Clever ! I should think it is ! " replies the critic. It is far too clever to be pleasant ! It is too amusing and too true in so many ways that one hesitates to call that '*truth*' which is so pitifully characteristic of human nature. It is like looking into a glass and seeing one's own reflection ; and no one cares to see *that !* Most of us are ' well-meaning,' and the exposure of our conscience quibbles and attempts at justification is sure to be painful, however well deserved ! *Verbum sap.*, but read it ! "

We also select for printing :

THE PUPPET SHOW OF MEMORY.
BY MAURICE BARING. (Heinemann.)

One is introduced to Mr. Baring's " Puppets " and pauses, reflecting upon his own " puppets " and the " puppets " of his life travels, and knows that those of Mr. Maurice Baring are unusual characters, or are else defined in a way which is fascinating, so much so as to interest the reader more than usual, kindling his fire of imagination, so that he cannot but acknowledge to himself the truth that the author has the marvellous trait in his character of seeing in life and " still life " that which matters, and that which constitutes something which has a universal appeal.

(Mona L. Smeeton, 91, Frithville Gardens, Shepherd's Bush.)

THE SHEPHERD AND OTHER POEMS OF PEACE AND WAR. BY EDMUND BLUNDEN.
(R. Cobden-Sanderson.)

Tenderness, peace, and beauty, combined with an intense love of the country-side, are the characteristics of these new poems of a poet who is comparatively new, but who has come to stay. There is the obviousness of the landscape—the charm of flower and tree and bird and animal. But there is also the mystic sense and the mystery which nobody but a poet can feel and reproduce—" the new world " which the moon has made. The volume is especially welcome in the midst of the jar and fret of city and town-world of to-day.

(A. E. Gowers, 12, Broad Street, Haverhill.)

We specially select for commendation the reviews by P. H. Hall (Sheffield), J. R. Windsor-Garnett (Barmouth), Grace G. Webb (Southam), Joan Lytton Hitchins (Moss Vale, N.S.W.), Kathleen Rice (Harpenden), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), Elizabeth Eagle-Boot (London, S.W.), W. Bates (Bridport), William G. Bosworth (Burton-on-Trent), L. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Joyce McGown Clark (Sunninghill), Richard Clough (Scarborough), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), A. M. Hillier (London, N.), Lilian M. Belletti (Stanwell), L. Mugford (London, S.W.), Katharine Martin (Chelmsford), Arbel M. Aldous (Hendon), E. E. Garnett (Peckham), Edith Cunningham (London, W.), Reginald A. Smith (Burton-on-Trent), William Donald (Ayr), H. A. Bush (Bolton), H. Cotterill Davies (Lichfield), Isabel Pincott (Glasgow), Mrs. S. K. Vesey (Glenfarg), M. C. Smyth (Bournemouth), B. Van Thal (London, N.W.).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to M. E. Wyly, Sunningdale, Langley Road, Slough.

MARJORIE PICKTHALL.

BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

BY the death of Miss Marjorie Pickthall last April Canada has lost one of the most gifted and brilliantly promising of her younger poets and novelists. For though she was English, and a Londoner, by birth, she went with her family to Canada at a very early age, lived and was educated in Toronto, and had become in all her ways of thinking, in sympathy and outlook, essentially Canadian. She had given her heart to Canada, and writing to me shortly before her death spoke of British Columbia as "one of the most entirely wonderful and beautiful countries in the world. I could write lots of interesting things about B.C.," she added, "but as for myself—nothing of any interest has ever happened to me during my literary career, which has consisted almost entirely of hard work. My life, in the main, has been very uneventful."

Miss Marjorie Pickthall.

Probably her most eventful years were those "Dark Years," as she called them, when the Great War overshadowed the world. She was staying with relatives in Wiltshire when the Germans invaded Belgium, and remained here all through the war, working on the land and serving as a groom-gardener, but finding quiet enough in her leisure to write her first novel, "Little Hearts," which was published by Methuens in 1916, but has not, I believe, been issued in Canada. It was good, experimental work, but scarcely gave promise of the power and maturity of craftsmanship that is shown in her second and last novel, "The Bridge," which she began at the end of the war and had finished when, in 1920, she became, as she said, "Canada-sick," and went home again. But though "The Bridge" was written here, there is nothing of England in it and no thought of the war. She had more or less unconsciously gathered the material for it during some two or three summers she spent on Toronto Island, fifteen years before, while she was still a schoolgirl. And the book is steeped in the life and atmosphere of the Great Lakes—a life that is very distinctive, with odd likenesses and unlikenesses, she thought, to that of the sea, and she found in its remembered strangeness, its wild beauty and eeriness, just the setting she wanted for this strange and dramatically poignant novel.

But it was as a poet that she first became known, and there are poems in her two first volumes, "The Drift of Pinions" and "The Lamp of Poor Souls," published over here by John Lane, which would add to any reputation and will be counted always among the riches of Canadian poetry. She had collected a third book of her lyrics which is to be issued shortly, and published last year "The Wood-Carver's Wife," a powerful, sombrely imaginative poetic drama which was successfully staged in Canada by the Community Players.

Latterly Miss Pickthall had been arriving at considerable popularity with her short stories in the English, American and Canadian magazines; but it is evidence that she was still maturing, still only on the threshold of her career, that her highest achievements in poetry and in fiction are her two last-published books—"The Wood-Carver's Wife" and "The Bridge." The same psychological insight, the same breadth of imaginative and emotional power are potent in both; each has a certain bigness and grandeur of idea, and a strong individuality of style. "The Bridge" seems to me as unlike most contemporary novels as the stories of the Brontës were unlike the fiction of their day. It starts from the solid ground of a sordid business disaster, and takes you through the tragedy and bizarre, passionate spiritual adventures that at last brought a man to himself, broke his pride and gave him back all the happiness that his folly and his fear of facing a terrible fact had driven from him.

Miss Marjorie Pickthall,
on a British Columbia beach.

XUM

At the outset Alan Maclear was a hard-headed man of affairs, a clever engineer, a go-ahead business man. He had secured a contract to build a bridge, and in order to make extra profit he scamped the work by not running the foundations of the central spans to the depth he had bargained for. As a consequence the bridge collapsed when a train was passing over it, and among the passengers who were killed was his brother Gordon. The catastrophe overwhelmed him and shattered his nerve, for there had been the strongest affection between him and his brother, and he could not away with the thought that he was that brother's murderer. In the ten days succeeding the accident he feverishly destroyed as far as possible the evidence of his guilt, but had not dared to meet Gordon's wife, Moira, the one woman he had ever cared for; he had been in love with her himself before he found she loved his brother. He had almost persuaded himself, in the ten days, that, after all, he was innocent—he had done only what was common in business; he had believed the bridge perfectly sound and safe, and of course could not guess that Gordon would be in that fated train. Then one day he went into his office, and Moira was standing there by the window, waiting:

The Shack

in which Miss Marjorie Pickthall worked one summer in British Columbia.

She came slowly towards him. He saw nothing but the knot of faded white flowers she wore, the one relief in the unbroken black of her widowhood. He saw that they were faded and dying, each petal rimmed with brown. Seeing his gaze, her hand went up and touched them softly.

In a moment he must speak. And he had nothing to say . . .

"Gordon was bringing them to me." Her voice was level and quiet. "They found the little box in his pocket, and thought I would like to have them. It's as new as all that," she said, "as new as all that."

She was near him. It was as if the silence of the room stood there with her, questioning the man for whom it seemed there would never be silence any more. He had to raise his eyes at last from the flowers to his sister-in-law's face.

And in an instant the coverings of defence were stripped from him. They withered like leaves in a fire, leaving him with an intolerable consciousness of nakedness. There was no defence.

She knew.

And after a long time, and as it seemed from a long distance, he heard her voice again, saying, even with a solemn compassion, "Poor Cain."

He could not move his eyes from her face, he could not stir. He felt life itself withdrawing from his limbs, centring in one anguished point of receptivity. He had never known that grief came with this stillness; or that it was like this to be judged.

"You have suffered much. You can't have saved more than a few thousands. Was it worth it?"

He tried to tell her that that was not the point: not the point: that he was clean in intention: that life, fate, chance, had deliberately fouled his hands. The thing was done every day. . . . But he could not speak. He put out his hands as if to shelter himself. But there was no shelter anywhere.

"There were three others besides him. But I can't think of anyone but Gordon. Not yet. God wouldn't expect it yet. And then there's me."

"Moira! You know I'd die to give him back to you?"

"I'm sure of it, Alan. You loved him in your way. You were always very good to us, to Gordon and to me. I suppose that seemed so far apart from your work, from —what do you call it? Dodging a specification. Men, I suppose, do these things. . . ."

Men do these things. Men, it seems, fall full length on the floor and catch the hem of a black dress and hide their faces there. Well. . . . She looked down on him without any change in the calm white face above the dying white flowers; only, where his dark hair touched her shoe, she drew her foot away.

Presently he faltered some feeble plea, some poor excuses for himself; but she quietly repeated what she had heard from one of his clerks who a few weeks before had boasted of how cleverly Alan had evaded the terms of his contract, and she had held such faith in him then she had not believed it. She forced him now to admit the truth of that boast; told him how terribly she wanted to forgive him, and though she could not do it yet, hoped, if they did not see each other for a long time, one day, for Gordon's sake, she might be able to. And at last she left him, still lying there, abandoned to an agony of grief and remorse.

His anguish of mind is so intense that he goes out that night to attempt suicide, and, ironically saved from drowning by a man who had followed to rob him, makes a sudden resolve to go away, to cut himself off from all who knew of the bridge, and forget it. One of his firm's freighters lies at the wharf with the captain and two men aboard, and on this he is carried to a lonely island in the Great Lakes—an island once used as a pleasure resort but now deserted except for three persons who inhabit the remains of a derelict hotel. He is left on the beach, on the lonely side of the island—left there alone, "broken, at last, like his bridge," and wakes next morning in a solitude "as complete as if he had been reborn into an empty world."

But he does not begin to find strength or peace until a night when he is hopelessly lost in one of the baffling mists that occasionally gather over the island, and is found in the smother of it by Sombra, the girl who lives with her brother and the blind, crazy, menacing old man, Mait, at the derelict hotel. She has lived here always and is wholly untaught, but her beauty, her beautiful, unspoiled simplicity, her womanly compassion, and soon her love, win him back to sanity and life, and restore him to himself. His passionate love of her is the biggest and most inspiring experience he has ever known. Recovering health and all his old self-confidence, he steels himself in a conviction that he has done no wrong, his misfortune has been exaggerated, he is guiltless of his brother's death; and so assured does he become in this that when he meets Moira again and she, thinking him still troubled, would comfort and

forgive him, he rebukes her and asks her not to forgive him for what he did not do.

But circumstances are to drag him down from this assurance, shatter his hard complacence, and bring him to find his soul at last when, after their marriage, Sombra distraught with sorrow, feels an irrevocable barrier separates her from him because of a pardonable crime with which her brother's hands are red, and Alan has no way of making her know she is not unworthy of him, no way of winning her to let him share the shame she feels, but by realising intensely and confessing to her that he too has sinned, and how.

The whole story, with that shadow brooding over it and not to be dispelled until Alan squarely faces the truth and has done with all self-deceit, is subtly imagined and written with a dramatic power and loftiness of thought that are not common in modern fiction. It is not strange that when this novel was published a month or so ago in Canada the critics crowned it with praise and foretold a great future for its author; and it is one of the tragedies of literature that her early death should have made that prophecy impossible of fulfilment.

New Books.

THE GRAPHIC ARTS.*

An untraceable proverb says that, in taking revenge a man is but even with his adversary, but in passing it over he is superior. Well, I claim no superiority over Mr. Pennell. Indeed, I am hat-in-hand to him for these delightful Scammon Lectures on "The Graphic Arts" delivered at the Art Institute of Chicago. But I should be more than human were I to overlook the fact that after twenty-nine years he has delivered himself into my hand, and I should be failing in my duty if I did not draw a moral therefrom. In the year 1893 I published a little book on "Tennyson and His Pre-Raphaelite Illustrators." On page 57 I reproduced the wood engraving of Rossetti's St. Cecily which appeared in Moxon's Tennyson of 1857, and the block was inserted by the producers one thirty-second part of an inch out of the straight. Thereupon Mr. Pennell fell upon and rent me in the pages of one of the many journals to which he then contributed for a peccadillo for which I was surely not primarily responsible. Indeed so young a writer was I at the time that I was only too pleased to see my work and its illustrations on any page whatsoever and placed however crookedly.

Now in the book before me, by a curious fortuity, Mr. Pennell professes on page 35 to reproduce the self-same wood-block. And what do we find? Not only that he has submitted it, quite unnecessarily, to the half-tone process which he so heartily condemns on pages 130 and 131, whereby the beautiful details have become smudged almost beyond recognition, but, worse than that, has actually allowed the block to be mutilated, top, bottom and sides, and so given it to the world shorn of half its beauty and significance. It is dreadful to contemplate Rossetti's feelings if the Chicago Press distributes its wares as far as Olympus.

I have little hope that Mr. Pennell has done me the honour of retaining possession of the little book which he treated thus roughly so long ago, but if he has I fearlessly ask him to compare his page with mine, in which case I cannot doubt that he will plead guilty to libelling Rossetti, where I have done him the fullest justice by a reproduction almost, if not quite, equal to the original wood engraving.

Nor is that the limit of his offence. On the succeeding page he professes to reproduce Holman Hunt's "Lady of Shalott" from the same volume of Tennyson, and states that it was "engraved on wood by Dalziel Brothers." Now, in the first place, if this is a reproduction of a wood engraving at all, of which I have my doubts—it is perilously like a reproduction of a photograph of the drawing as it appeared on the wood before cutting—it certainly is not reproduced from the Moxon Tennyson. In the second place, the block of which it professes to be a reproduction was not engraved by the Dalziel Brothers, but by J. Thompson. In the third place the whole design has been mutilated top, bottom and sides. In a word, it is as much an outrage on Holman Hunt as the St. Cecily is an outrage on Rossetti.

Those are very serious artistic offences—in a book of instruction for the young, especially where the author of such instruction prides himself on his artistic conscience. It is the more regrettable to find such blemishes in this book because its other contents constitute a valuable introduction to the study of the graphic arts. Written as it is, or rather taken down in shorthand from the spoken word of a fine artist, a practical craftsman and an enthusiastic lover of what is beautiful, it rightly insists on the thoroughness that must be cultivated by the new generation of book illustrators, if America, for whom by the way this American has hardly a good word to say, is not to fall artistically further and further behind England and France. Not but what we ourselves have much to learn from these wise pages. Indeed they should be read and pondered by every student in the world, who will do well if he catches the infection of Mr. Pennell's enthusiasm. Take the concluding lines of his fourth lecture. Etching, he says,

> "means working like a slave. But it is delightful slavery, and it is work I love, and I love to do the whole thing, from one end to the other. If you do not care for that, if you take up etching and do not find the biting as fascinating as the drawing, and the printing as enthralling as the biting, you are not an etcher and you never will be."

I like, too, the author's courage. Personally I have never dared to tell an American what I think of his so-called comic artist, lest he should, misspelling my name, conclude that I required a surgical operation before I could see a joke. Now I take heart of grace, and shall for the future shelter myself behind Mr. Pennell, quoting his native dictum that "The American comic artist would be pathetic if he were not a disgrace."

On our British humorous drawing Mr. Pennell is on the whole sound, though, inadvertently I am sure, he does Du Maurier less than justice. It is true in a sense that the *Punch* man began as an artist and degenerated into a hack, but it is only fair to recognise that the cause was physical, not moral. It was not the result of any falling away from artistic grace, but of the dreadful disability of failing eyesight.

There is one distinction which should, I think, have been more clearly drawn before an audience of students, a distinction which, so far as my experience goes, has never been drawn clearly enough in any handbook on the graphic arts. By implication, no doubt, Mr. Pennell does distinguish between wood cutting and wood engraving, but it wants stating once for all and in so many words that a wood cut is done with *the knife* drawn *towards* the craftsman, as is shown in the engraving of the "Japanese cutter at work" on page 56, but that wood engraving is done with *the graver* pushed *away* from the craftsman as in metal engraving, whilst in both cases the result, unlike line engraving on metal, is a surface print.

On the whole, however, Mr. Pennell has steered skilfully between the dangerous Scylla of being too elementary on the one hand and the Charybdis of talking over the heads of his audience on the other. The book, in spite of some remarkable lapses, is beautifully produced and printed, and has many delightful reproductions. G. S. LAYARD.

* "The Graphic Arts, Modern Men and Methods." By Joseph Pennell, being the Scammon Lectures for 1920. (Chicago Press, Illinois, U.S.A.)

XUM

JOHN MASEFIELD—A FIRST ESTIMATE.

Mr. Hamilton's book* is stated to be the first published concerning Mr. Masefield's work and artistic development. The bibliography shows nearly forty volumes of Mr. Masefield's, and many more edited by him, all issued within a brief, dreamlike twenty years, as matter for this study; and the variety of subjects with which the poet has been concerned, as well as the number of his attempts, may be taken as ample justification of Mr. Hamilton's survey. He approaches his author with a wise enthusiasm—there can be no better regard in which to approach a living artist—but he has the courage to say what he means, even when he means censure, and the intelligence to mean what he says. Had his way of saying it been more circumspect and right, had he shown himself as sensitive to his own style as he is (quite truly and simply) to Mr. Masefield's, his book would have been so much the better; but this is only to say that he is as yet an imperfect master of a medium of which he clearly appreciates the difficulties and obligations.

I imagine that Mr. Masefield himself will not be displeased at a study of his work conceived in this independent but warm temper. I do not know how the author of the early "Ballads and Songs" regards that very premature work, and it is possible that Mr. Hamilton's phrases may hurt a reminiscent fondness; but he would be a bold critic who would dissent from Mr. Hamilton's judgment and deny the almost exclusively derivative character of the earliest and some of the later work. And in speaking of certain of the novels, there is justice again in the critic's strictures, as once more in his suggestion of a doubt as to Mr. Masefield's future work, a doubt which bases itself upon "the fatal fluency of the poet." But Mr. Hamilton indicates without quite stating the truth, perhaps without clearly seeing it. He has shrunk from generalisation and left his readers to draw their own conclusions from what he has told them.

One generalisation is that Mr. Masefield is a restlessly experimental writer. He has not often repeated his successes and, excepting the famous narrative poems, it may be questioned if he is always aware of what he has done—if he is always aware, that is, of his own excellences and his own faults equally. How could a poet who was to write "Reynard the Fox," and had already written "Dauber," how could he write the rhyme of "Rosas"? How could the author of that admirably eager study of Shakespeare, to which it is unnecessary to call attention now, write so uncritically as he has done in certain other poems? He is restless as well as experimental, and pushes on from one thing to another, turning from east to west as quickly as a spring wind, without reflecting long upon what he has just done and what he will next attempt. It is a virtue in him that he has not been antlike and undivertible, but it is a vice that he has been, in Meredith's excellent phrase, shrill, irreflective, unrestrained.

Another generalisation at which Mr. Hamilton seems to point is that Mr. Masefield's writings are not wholly the work of a masculine mind; they are the work of a mind of sensitive femininity. The woman in his men is expressive—the woman in Captain Margaret is emphatic—and sometimes they betray a merely womanish delight in words, phrases and actions which other men disdain or regard as unimportant. Violent speech and violent actions do not distinguish men as men; My Uncle Toby is a truer expression of a man's passion and experience than some of Mr. Masefield's vivid inventions. Need it be called a fault in our poet? It is merely a sign of an intensely subjective art, a sign as clearly seen in Saul Kane and the whole scheme of "The Everlasting Mercy" as in poor Dauber or Captain Margaret himself.

Intensely subjective—that is the excellence of this long and still rapidly extending list of books. The sonnets, which are manifestly subjective, are not therefore among Mr. Masefield's best work; it is when he is not purely lyrical, but purely dramatic, that he sings his own mind, presents his own five acts—sans epilogue. I refrain from quoting, because it is not easy to quote justly; but if I had in mind an intelligent, mature reader of verse, who was strangely ignorant of our author's work, I should laboriously transcribe the whole of "Biography" and "August 1914," some lyrical outbursts from "Dauber," and some of the prose of "Gallipoli"; and with these, that strange reader could be trusted to go on and discriminate for himself. For discrimination is needed. Mr. Masefield is continually running head down into a cul-de-sac, bemusing himself in a mist, deceiving himself like those who lack his genius; but his genius is alive somewhere all the time, elusive and uncomprehended.

JOHN FREEMAN.

* "John Masefield: A Critical Study." By W. H. Hamilton. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

TALES AND TEMPERAMENT.*

It is perhaps a small matter, but there is nothing on the title page to indicate to prospective readers that Mr. Aldous Huxley's new book is merely a collection of four short stories and one short play. Of course, some people prefer their fiction in this form. On the other hand some people do not.

Each item in this slim volume is distinctly temperamental, and ultra-modern in tone and treatment. There is a certain amount of wit (rather thin in quality for the most part), but scarcely any of the deftness and imagery one has come to expect from an author of Mr. Huxley's undoubted accomplishment. His "Limbo" and "Crome Yellow" have whetted the appetite for more of the same dish. In this menu, however, the dish is "off." Of course the book is well written; but, although there is good mechanism, the wheels creak audibly.

The tales are unequal. The opening one, "The Gioconda Smile," is clearly founded on a recent case of arsenical poisoning, the nauseous details of which were eagerly consumed by a sensation-loving public. There is, however, an unexpected "punch" for the climax, which lifts the plot out of the commonplace into which it appeared to be falling.

The best of the batch among the contents is "The Tillotson Banquet." Yet, it is not a very satisfying meal. A long forgotten artist is, at the age of 97, dragged from his senile obscurity by a blundering but well meaning dilettante. As he is poor and friendless, a subscription list is opened for his benefit, and a public banquet is arranged in his honour. The old man emerges from his shell, buoying himself up with dreams of fresh fame. But, attired in a borrowed dress suit and mouthing garrulities, he merely cuts a figure of fun and nobody takes him seriously. Thereupon he crawls back to his garret to seek oblivion. Of course the whole thing is a satire. Yet it might quite conceivably have happened.

The one act play, "Permutations Among the Nightingales" (included apparently as a make-weight), is merely a piece of cynicism and tinsel. Nor has it even the comparative merit of the average second rate play of "reading well."

The last item in the collection, "Nuns at Luncheon," is another disappointment. It is, moreover, from its subject, probably one which, by the time his next book is ready, Mr. Huxley will regret having written.

HORACE WYNDHAM.

* "Mortal Coils." By Aldous Huxley. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

A POET OF THE SEA.†

Nearly all poets have been sensitive to the magic and mystery, the beauty and terror of the sea, but many have been almost silent of it, as if the burden of its immensity were too heavy for their song; most have found only occasional inspiration in it; few have been able to set its waves singing or thundering in lines that seem intimate

† "Sea Poems." By Cale Young Rice. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

echoes of its many voices—music born of its own laughter and sorrow and deep-throated harmonies.

One of these few is Mr. Cale Young Rice. I wonder which other living poet, English or American, could gather from his works so many and such poignant lyrics of the sea as Mr. Rice has brought together in his "Sea Poems"? Masefield could do it; but he writes as a sailor of his native element, and Mr. Rice as an exile might of the home not his and yet the more his because it is always in his thoughts. He would seem to have given his love with usury to the sea, as Lamb gave his to London. He finds his own unrest in it, and the ultimate peace that lies under all restlessness; the rhythmic throb of its waves is to him the very beating of the world's heart. His verse responds to its changing moods and he pictures it in words as a painter will on his canvas. I like the quiet charm of "Waves," with its soft-toned picture of how

> "The evening sails come home
> With twilight in their wings;"

and the delicate monochrome effect in "Tidals," where

> "Low along the sea, low along the sea,
> The grey gulls are flying and one sail swings;"

and the musing fancifulness of "Full Tide":

> "Sea-foam and dream-foam,
> And which is which, who knows,
> When all day long the heart goes out
> To every wave that blows...."

Who has not sometimes at sight of the sea had something of the feeling so exquisitely expressed in "Resurgence"?—a feeling of the world's vastness and of dim desires to sail out to all the wonder of it that one has never seen, though until then,

> "I was content—with life, and love, and a little over;
> A little achieved of the much that is given to men to do."

Yet I like few things in the book better than that very different poem of "The Nun," who looks placidly from her window and watches the ship sail from the harbour, without any disturbing thought of love that has gone from her or may come to her:

> "For naught knows she of her beauty,
> More than the palm of its peace."

Several of the lyrics are familiar to me, for I am one of the increasing number in this country that is acquainted with Mr. Cale Young Rice's work, and they have been chosen from his already published volumes; but some new ones have been included with these, and old and new together make up the most delectable book of sea poetry that has ever come to us out of America.

F. HEATH.

PALESTRINA.*

Among the hills, twenty-three miles westward of Rome, stands the little town of Palestrina, in the Middle Ages a desirable possession for which Popes and Colonnas fought, and earlier still (called then Præneste) a place of cool retreat for the stifled city dwellers:

> Vester Camenæ, vester in arduos
> Tollor Sabinos, seu mihi frigidum
> Præneste seu Tibur supinum
> Seu liquidæ placuere Baiæ.

So strange, however, are the tricks of time, that Palestrina, once longed for and fought for, is now an unclean, neglected town, and, indeed, for many people is not a place at all, but a man; for here in 1525 (the date is very uncertain) was born Giovanni Pierluigi, who, distinguished in the fashion of the times by the name of his birthplace, became so famous that he, rather than the town, is now universally known as Palestrina.

Mr. Cale Young Rice.

Palestrina is the first great name in the world of music. There were of course musicians before him back to Orpheus, Amphion or Tubal Cain; but there is no earlier writer who has left such a mass of work, placed so high and performed so frequently. His great Belgian contemporary, Orlandus Lassus, is less known; our English Byrd sang a generation later.

We speak of his work as "frequently performed"; but the statement needs some qualification. The music of Palestrina is performed, not at promenade concerts or musical festivals, but "in quires and places where they sing." It is strictly limited by the circumstances of place, and even of time. It is written solely for the earliest and loveliest of all instruments, the human voice; it is, for the most part, sacred, and even liturgical. There are secular madrigals of Palestrina, and there are compositions, not secular, written for performance at the popular musical services given by St. Philip Neri and his brother Oratorians, whose use of music for religious (other than liturgical) purposes has given us the word Oratorio; but, for the most part, the music of Palestrina is ecclesiastical music, and hardly to be thought of apart from the Roman services. So much is he the expression of his place and time, that the great "Mass of Pope Marcellus," adapted to the English Communion Service and sung at St. Paul's, seems to me not really Palestrina, and—if such a word may be used in this connection—not quite successful. Palestrina wrote ninety-three Masses, and they are really Masses, not compositions for concerts. Londoners have unique opportunities of hearing Palestrina and the other contrapuntal writers, Italian, Flemish, Spanish and English, at the Westminster Cathedral, where the zeal, patience and learning of Dr. R. R. Terry have produced a school of interpretation that would have satisfied Palestrina himself.

The sacred music of Palestrina and his contemporaries is unique. It flourished and ceased. We cannot truly say that it led to anything in modern music, and we are a little startled therefore to find the author of the present enthusiastic volume citing (in the sentence quoted below) the Grail music of "Parsifal" in connection with Palestrina. It seems to me that nothing could be more unlike Palestrina than the essentially theatrical, sentimental religiosity of "Parsifal." The one is like the frescoes at Santa Croce, the other like the "religious" paintings that used to hang in the Doré Gallery. Wagner of course got some useful

* "Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina: His Life and Times." By Zoë Kendrick Pyne. 7s. 6d. (John Lane.)

" tips " from Palestrina, as he got some tips for his Grail Chapel from the Cappella Palatina at Palermo; but he is no more the " ultimate expression " of the one than of the other. The music of which Palestrina is the great exemplar is pure, sexless, passionless, impersonal, without tune, without time (as we understand tune and time), a delicate fabric of tones that flow along subtly yet simply, blending, crossing, interweaving, without anything of " effect," in the modern sense of definite opening and emphatic full close. In all art there is perhaps nothing more austere, or more aloof. It is supra-terrestrial, and that is at once its strength and its weakness.

Historically, the music of Palestrina is interesting. In the golden time of Italian art we have Florentine painting, and Venetian painting, and Umbrian painting; in architecture and sculpture we have Ghiberti, and Brunelleschi, and Donatello, and Michelangelo—all Tuscans. There is no definite school of Roman painting or sculpture or architecture. The enduring contribution of Rome to Italian art is music; and the greatest of Roman musicians is Palestrina.

The present volume, by a writer bearing an honoured name in music, is the only English book devoted to the work of this master. It is written with immense enthusiasm and it covers the whole ground. Some of its facts are, naturally, conjectural, but in the main it is based on modern research and takes over no old legend without question. It has some valuable appendices, including a descriptive catalogue of all Palestrina's Masses, and a technical discussion of sixteenth century music in general. To compile such a book must have been a labour, though plainly a labour of love to the author. We shall be ungallant enough to suggest that the volume would be better than it is if its literary manner had been rather less expansive and diffuse. Here, as a typical instance, is the " Parsifal " sentence referred to above:

> " That it [i.e., sixteenth century music] is still capable of retaining its old empire over the modern world is shown by the terms in which Richard Wagner refers to a performance of Palestrina's ' Stabat Mater ' as ' an absolute spiritual revelation, which filled us with unspeakable emotion '—one, indeed, finding its ultimate expression in the Grail music of ' Parsifal.' "

Now I ask the author to consider carefully whether in this sentence she has really said what she means, and next to tell us precisely what the word " one " refers to. This is not a mere point of grammar, it is a question of meaning. She has written a sentence that seems to be decisive, but that really decides nothing, because it is obscure; and that is the general complaint we have to make about her style. Surely, a writer upon music, and upon such music, does not need to be told that clarity of form is as necessary in the sentence as in the motet! The book is admirable in its warm-hearted enthusiasm; it would be even better if it were as simple in speech as it is in purpose.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.*

" For to admire an' for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried! "

Youth scores heavily (and rightly) in almost all things. So it is as well to point out balancing compensations, where these occur. Considering, for example, the sort of verse that was published in the volume entitled " The Seven Seas " or the sort of stories that were given to us in " Many Inventions," it is a fact that those so far lost to youth as to be able to date some of their literary experiences back a little farther than the South African war have a certain pull over even the most brilliantly erudite and omniscient of those younger critics and readers whose first adventures among books came later. The thing is evidenced by the casual ease with which some infallible young judges are able to dismiss as more or less negligible the very masterly creations just mentioned. The call of Kipling's earlier work came to them, as it were, in diluted form; its penetrant quality a little dulled by the rattle and the piping of the almost innumerable imitative performances it inspired, many of which, to be sure, have been extremely creditable. But—*eheu fugaces!*—the stimulating freshness of the original call, before even the first of the echoes reached our ears! With that in one's ears, such " early work " may be appreciated aright:

" Home, they come home from all the ports,
The living and the dead;
The goodwife's sons come home again
For her blessing on their head! "

The impulse that impels them outward from the nest is eternal; but, with deference to the youngest judges be it said, the wonderful driving power of that same spirit of adventure was crystallised for us with something very like perfection in the decade that immediately preceded this twentieth century. We may not read its like again, but the spirit is ageless, and especially perhaps throughout the English-speaking world, renews itself completely with the coming of each successive generation. The old lusty note vibrates strong as ever in such books as " Up Against it in Nigeria," " Down the Columbia " and " Trapping Wild Animals "; and this despite the indubitable fact that they owe little or nothing to literary craftsmanship, much to the adventurousness, but little, curiously little, to any gifts their authors possess as writers.

Mr. Lewis Freeman is no raw beginner as author, having already given us " Hell's Hatches " and " In the Tracks of the Trades," both volumes of movement and adventure that won deserved popularity. In his new book he writes as the first man to have navigated the Columbia river all the way from its source in the snow-fed lakes of the Canadian Rockies to its mouth in the Pacific. In this deeply interesting adventure he was accompanied, among other good fellows, by a " movie man," whose insatiable appetite for striking scenes for his film pictures, often genuinely comic, affords ample scope for the sounding of the facetious note. The book is dedicated to C. L. Chester: " Hoping he will find in these pages some compensation for the fun he missed in not being along." The simple words are quoted here because, in a modest way, they do serve the purpose of a tuning-fork. It is very much in their key that the book is written; a cheery, colloquial, unaffected and for the most part genuinely graphic narrative of an experience in travel and exploration that was well worth recording, and that only a plucky and determined adventurer of the real right spirit could have accomplished.

" Langa Langa " rather cruelly disarms the critic before entering upon his first chapter, by cheerily announcing that his volume does not purport to be a textbook, lays claim to no literary virtues, nor even to being very accurate, since it was written from memory—" a West African memory at that "—and without the assistance of " referenda." Well, Stevenson wrote " The Wrong Box " mainly for his own and his young collaborator's amusement, and his pastime has been delighting discerning appreciators of the comic spirit the world over, ever since. If one may not prophesy quite so distinguished a career for the book " Langa Langa " wrote chiefly for his own amusement, it is at least safe to predict that it will give real pleasure to some thousands of readers who at one time or another have visited " The Coast " themselves, or acquired interest in it through friends or relatives. The reviewer happens to have seen a little of the country between Sierra Leone and the Oil Rivers, and believes he can with justice testify that " Langa Langa " has succeeded in presenting a graphic and faithful outline of the average life of the average political officer in Nigeria and in some other parts of West Africa. That is something to have accomplished, particularly when it is added, as it should be added, that the author has made no use whatever of statistics, of official platitudes, or any of the other tedious paraphernalia that is relied upon by many industrious

* " Down the Columbia." By Lewis R. Freeman. 25s. (Heinemann.)—" Up Against It in Nigeria." By Langa Langa. 18s. (Allen & Unwin.)—" Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles." By Charles Mayer. 8s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

compilers of alleged works of travel. His work is human and personal throughout.

In youth Mr. Charles Mayer responded to the lure of the circus. So did the reviewer, and so have some millions of other undistinguished persons. But Mr. Mayer was destined for distinction. He was commissioned by Barnum to go from his native America to India, to fetch a certain elephant said to be fourteen and a half feet high. The elephant turned out to be a product of Indian imagination; but fortune favoured Mr. Mayer in another direction. He met a sailor with a couple of dejected monkeys under his jacket. One of the monkeys had pink eyes, and that simple fact—merely unpleasing as it would probably have been to most of us—interested Mr. Mayer, who promptly bought the coal-grimed pair for fifteen dollars. Soap and water presently proved the pink-eyed monkey to be pure white, and a few days later he was sold for £1,500! Such apparently are the hazards of the animal-dealing business. Thus established at the head of capital, Mr. Mayer was able to realise his life's ambition, and having laid in a stock of weapons and ammunition, he proceeded incontinently to Singapore, there to settle down to the study of the Malay tongue and customs, preparatory to living more or less native fashion in the jungle, and capturing its rarer and less amenable inhabitants.

The life that followed was a really extraordinary adventure romance, and Mr. Mayer's record of it makes fascinating reading; a book which should delight the heart of any normal male (and very many of the better sex) between the ages of eight and eighty. Incidentally there is a whole lot of out-of-the-way natural history to be acquired from Mr. Mayer's thrilling yarns. An entirely non-literary book, it is quite exceptionally readable.

A. J. DAWSON.

THE REAL TSARITSA.*

"I write of the Tsaritsa as I knew her: the real Tsaritsa." In these words Madame Lili Dehn introduces her defence of Her Imperial Majesty Alexandra, the late Empress of Russia, against the allegations that she betrayed her country and its allies because of her pro-German sympathies.

Regarded simply as the memorial of a sincere friendship, it is a touching piece of work. Madame Dehn's obvious sincerity atones for an occasional tendency toward hysteria, and it is only just to reflect that such experiences as she passed through must have made so painful an impression on her as to make it difficult for her even to think of them without losing self-control.

Impartially considered, her book justifies itself. Undoubtedly it contains much that has been said before, but Madame Dehn has a right to present her case with such detail as she feels may support her claim to special authority, as the friend and companion of the Empress before and during the early days of the Revolution. It is an interesting and pathetic picture that she draws of the Russian Royal family. That the Tsar and the Tsaritsa may not have possessed the wisdom of serpents may be conceded, but to accuse them of precipitating the downfall of their country is absurd. They were, indeed, too anxious to live homely, gentle lives to be capable—it would appear—of any great intrigues.

Madame Dehn's account of the Rasputin incidents is interesting. The Empress (she says) was certainly impressed by the priest's personality, and the coincidence of the little Tsarevitch's recovery from illness after Rasputin had prayed over him strengthened this impression enormously; but to suggest that the Empress was physically attracted by him, or that she permitted herself or her daughters immoral relations with him, is, Madame Dehn emphatically asserts, scandalously untrue—the deliberate *canard* of her enemies. One is struck, in this matter, with the honesty with which Madame Dehn admits that Rasputin did in fact possess very remarkable mental powers—she disliked him immensely, but renders him his due nevertheless.

So much has been written about Russia by Royalists and revolutionaries that one grows cautious of accepting any partisan statements. Nevertheless I find myself deeply impressed by this book; to me it appears to bear the hall-mark of truth. For the rest, it is a very simple narrative of what was, in any case, a terrible tragedy. The home life of the Romanoffs is described in some detail, and there are many little scenes and anecdotes which are very charmingly related. Madame Dehn is to be congratulated on her fearlessness in plunging into the arena on behalf of one who has certainly not found too many defenders. Is it possible that, even yet, the ex-Empress will appear to answer her accusers? Madame Dehn will not abandon hope.

F. D. G.

* "The Real Tsaritsa." By Madame Lili Dehn. 15s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

ANATOLE FRANCE: THE CRITIC AS ARTIST.*

The English edition of the Works of Anatole France has by this time swollen to goodly proportions; already its two dozen and more red-backed volumes require a bookshelf to themselves, and there are more to come—more volumes of criticism, more adventures of M. Bergeret, for instance. The piety of Mr. Lane's translators cannot but command sympathy, all the greater perhaps because M. Thibault, to speak of the Frenchman by his actual but lesser known name, is really untranslatable, no rendering that is close being able to reproduce the insinuating limpidity of his style or the artfulness of its rhythm. But they have done their best, and each new addition to the series—three have been produced during the last few months—sets the devotee of Anatole France turning over his treasures, whether in French or English, and wondering pleasantly as he contemplates this big output of one man's brains which book of the master's he would select from the rest, were he condemned by some decree of tyranny to surrender all but a single example. The task of selection would be distressing. Would he plump for "Penguin Island" than which even a Swift has scarcely written more savage satire? Such a vote would mean sacrificing the delicate and naughty fantasy of "The Revolt of the Angels." Or should historical fiction be allowed to assert its claims in the shape of that *tour de force* of inventive scholarship, that lurid picture of the Revolution, "The Gods Are Athirst." Yet as against this choice a strong case might be made out for the rollicking fun of the "Sign of the Reine Pedauque," with its atmosphere of mediævalism so happily caught, and its masterly portrait, worthy a Rabelais, of the Abbé Coignard. And still (not to mention the study of Joan of Arc) there are the stories in which the gentle and lovable philosopher, M. Bergeret, figures to weigh in the balance, and still there are such masterpieces in miniature as on the one hand "Crainquebille," which sums up the creed of Anatole France, Socialist, in a nutshell, or again "The Procurator of Judæa" in which agnosticism takes a last lingering look back at the faith from which it has parted. No, decision between such claimants to gratitude would not be easy.

And the astonishing thing about this work of Anatole France's imagination is that it is only one side of his activities, that it began at any rate by being the diversion of a critic. He is the grand instance of the scholar-novelist, the man to whom journalism proudly points when answering the reproach that your critics cannot be creative, the most notable exception to the rule. Your critic-novelist has of course some limitations or at any rate some crotchets—Anatole France has his crotchets. Do you remember in "Penguin Island" the little episode in which is quoted a monk's imaginary account of a visit he paid to Virgil in the Elysian Fields? The device of a descent to the Shades

* The Works of Anatole France, in an English translation: "On Life and Letters: Third Series." 7s. 6d. net. "Marguerite" and "Count Morin, Deputy." 6s. net each. (Bodley Head.)

XUM

is as old as Homer, and has been a commonplace of all the poets from Homer to Dante; but the question is, would any monk have seen Virgil with such eyes as M. Thibault credits his Marbodius? Anatole France dearly, wickedly loves his monks and friars and priests—loves to show them, with his malicious irony, tortured in their cells by the gadfly of sex, but here we seem to have not a monk's but a modern scholar's vision of Virgil. When the Roman poet protests against the odious lies spread about him by the Church and by a barbarous poet "as bad as Bavius," when he tells how he rejected the overtures of the god of the Jews, his words may sound in character to modern ears, but we feel that it is the latter-day sceptic who is putting in this protest and that no mediæval monk could have conceived such a story. This is where the scholar-novelist betrays himself; he cannot restrain his wit or his instinct for argument. Indeed, there is no denying that great as is Anatole France's capacity for seizing the sentiment and standpoint of ages other than his own, propaganda stalks rampant through the pages of his fiction. One of these days some bright spirit will discover the Bolshevist virus in "Penguin Island" and its companion tales—not wholly without reason—and be laughed at for his pains.

One of the volumes newly added to the English edition is the third series of the journalistic essays "On Life and Letters." The date of this series may be estimated from the fact that an article in it treats as a new book that novel of M. Paul Bourget's early maturity, "Le Disciple." The supposed conflict between "science and morals" has a look of being *vieux jeu* to-day. But what Anatole France has to say of it reads as freshly as a generation ago. Nor does it detract from the vivacity of his notices of François Coppée and Paul Verlaine—nay, the very contrary—that both men were living when their critic wrote of them and that he could recall the days when he shared with them the dreams and the ambitions of the coterie of the Parnassians. If any proof were needed of what element it is that will keep criticism alive, whether it be "impressionistic" or not, why here we have it in these old-time "reviews" of Anatole France. Let criticism be an expression of personality, let it have some creative element, and it may count safely enough on surviving. And undoubtedly even in his controversies of the moment—thus with that doctrinaire, M. Brunetière, who claimed that all criticism must be objective—Anatole France was in the right. Hear him in his famous preface, with its echo of Plato:

> "We are in a cavern, and we see the phantoms in the cavern. Without that life would be too sad. It has neither charm nor value, save in the shadows passing along the surface of the walls within which we are enclosed, shadows which resemble us, which we strive to know in passing and sometimes to love. In reality we know the world only through our senses and colour it at their will. . . . But two observers never perceive a phenomenon in absolutely the same manner; the personal equation enters more freely than anywhere into the illusive domains of art and literature. . . . We lack principles in everything, particularly in knowledge of the creations of the mind. Whatever anyone may say it is impossible to foresee the time when criticism will have the rigidity of an exact science. It is better to speak with an uncertain voice of beautiful thoughts and forms than for ever to hold one's peace."

A hard doctrine this, possibly, for the young and the positive, but one that appeals to experience and the modesty it should breed! And those who look on such a creed as agnosticism carried into the sphere of æsthetics should remember that Anatole France is a critic who practises that art of literature about which he hesitates to be dogmatic.

Two little samples of his creative work, illustrated by attractive woodcuts, accompany this volume of prose criticism. One of them at least, "Marguerite," is an early composition, and both deal severely with the world of politics—their author was always a sceptic of that—contrasting the monsters or machines it makes of men while they are in its toils with the decent kindly creatures most of them can be when momentarily free of its influence. An odd feature of the two tales is that they contain what is virtually an identical passage of description leading up to a pathetic incident. Anatole France in authorising two years ago the publication of "Marguerite" roundly declared that it was not a masterpiece, but obviously he thought well enough of it to repeat one of its situations in "Count Morin, Deputy," or vice versa. F. G. BETTANY.

THROUGH WESTERN WINDOWS.*

"A lodge in a garden of cucumbers," was what I said to myself when I shut up this book. It is odds but the unassuming covers of "Waiting for Daylight" contain the best writing Mr. Tomlinson has given us, even if the volume is hardly such a one as to be set up alongside of and compared with any of its predecessors.

There is no doubt whatever that the war was entirely responsible for "Waiting for Daylight," which at least is one of the truest, freshest and wisest books that have so far come out of it, written by one who saw probably as much or as little of the real business as any newspaper man, yet more than any of the colleagues who rushed into print with their books about it set himself to deal honestly both with the public who did not go and the "nobodies" who, having gone, accomplished what the world thought impossible.

In these score of papers, none longer than the usual "middle," some mere fragments of a page or two, we perceive from as many angles how exactly an intelligence far subtler and more sensitised than that of any common or garden Britling's saw the monstrous affair through. Here we have a mind both philosophic and poetic, a spirit sweet and charitable, sorrowful rather than angry over the hideous mess which the "strong men" let the world in for and handed over to the "nobodies" to do what they could by way of clearing up. The poisoned arrows of bitterness are not in Mr. Tomlinson's quiver. The blade of his irony flashes bright and often, but there is no rancour behind these thrusts, however keen. He leaves us, though, in no doubt that he deprecates strong men and would infinitely rather discuss his beloved nobodies. You see him smiling, even as they smiled, at the unlikeliest things and in the unlikeliest places, but if his smile is often a little twisted it never becomes a sneer. Never unfair, he can still be infinitely damaging—and is so—to Mr. Kipling, to certain military supermen, to our politicians, who need be, not necessarily are, "no more than something between a curate and a cardsharper," than "confident men with a bloodshot voice and a gift for repartee, especially if they are not too particular."

Mr. Tomlinson dislikes *Punch* and admires *La Vie Parisienne*, and gives good reasons why. Over "Eothen" "the cymbals have been banged too loudly." And this of psychoanalysis: "It causes a man to wonder what obscure motive, probably hellish, prompted his wife to brush his clothes, though when he caught her at it she was doing it in apparent kindness." Soldiers, when they are home on leave, don't want Freud, "they want to play with the youngsters, eat buns in the street and join the haymakers." Even the literary critics come in for a useful shaking up, a kick indeed in the house of a friend whose only tools for the trade are "a home-made gimlet to test for dry-rot, and another implement, a very ancient heirloom, snatched at only on blind instinct—a stone axe." Hardly a page but will repay you with some shrewd, whimsical image to show that in those years when most men gave up thinking for themselves Mr. Tomlinson must have thought desperately and continuously, approaching people, things and ideas as he encountered them with an open mind, very much his own and no one else's. It is a rare expressive genius that has given us the rest, a commentary on the late times which the League of Nations ought to detail their expensive secretariat to translate into every language and broadcast throughout the globe. There is a remark of Mr. Tomlinson's friend, the lorry driver, that might well be blazoned round the walls of the Genoa Conference Hall in letters of flame: "Don't tell me war teaches you a lot. It only shows fools what they didn't know but might 'ave guessed."

ASHLEY GIBSON.

* "Waiting for Daylight." By H. M. Tomlinson. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

JOHN LONG'S NEW SUMMER NOVELS

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INDUSTRIAL RECONSTRUCTION.*

When some years ago Mr. Penty suggested that the mediæval guild system should be reconsidered as a practical social structure for modern men, the proposal had the misfortune to be cordially approved by a large number of reformers who had only the most shadowy notion of what he meant. Thus, the National Guilds League was founded by a small group of people who should either have remained with the Fabians, who believe in bureaucracy, or joined the Communists, whose most coherent idea is a street riot. The mediæval guild was almost drowned by the explanatory praise of people who really believed in something entirely different. Mr. Penty has now written a book which will go far in clearing their minds. It gets nearer the roots of the problems of labour and capital than anything that has been written in recent years. It is far more than a proposal for more jugglery with administrative and legal machinery. It tells the reforming enthusiasts that society will not find salvation by the appointment of still more committees and sub-committees; but that it is much more likely that they will get what they need by seeking a change of art, and even a change of heart.

Perhaps the fundamental fact about the book is that it is social reform considered by a craftsman; for Mr. Penty is an architect by training. Hitherto the large majority of reformers have started as politicians and administrators. Now the essential problems of society are the questions of production, of art, of human thought, whereon Mr. Penty can speak (as Mr. Chesterton writes in his brilliant little preface) as "one of the two or three truly original minds of the modern world." The matters of industrial committees and administrative machinery are put in their proper proportion—which is very small—and we are asked to start with a human being, and not with a bureaucrat, in our mind. The seeming paradox that emerges from the book is that the man who deliberately chooses spirit rather than matter as his goal, is the clear thinker, the realist who comes to practical conclusions; whereas the bureaucrats and materialists are the people who finish up in misty proposals that merely obscure the evil rather than cure it.

There are one or two small points where Mr. Penty is not convincing; for example, it is not fair to say that the Fabians considered the nationalisation of land and capital as an end in itself; they intended it to be a way of more equally distributing wealth, without the inconvenience of a revolution and as the only way of guarding against future seizure of that wealth again into individual hands. Even if the world takes Mr. Penty's main advice—that is, controls machinery within limits and stops the subdivision of labour (as distinguished from the rational division of labour)—it will be still necessary to have social machinery which will make the reforms stable and lasting. Instead of the Fabian State bureaucracy, Mr. Penty and the mediævalists of course propose the Guild; which is nevertheless no more an end in itself than the Socialists' nationalisation. And if Mr. Penty wants to smash the Douglas New Age scheme he must do it in greater detail.

But as a whole Mr. Penty has written one of the most profoundly true and important books of the day. It is in clear and charming English; and is full of sentences that grip by their depth and breadth of thought. That he has answered all the detailed difficulties of modern reconstruction it would be absurd to declare; he has also ignored such proposed solutions as the Guild-Company, which would probably carry us round many of the awkward corners in the period of transition. But he has certainly stated all the fundamental factors of the problem and cleared away the trivialities and errors. It is far more than a book on Guilds—it is a deep theory of life, based on the facts instead of the conventions.

Mr. J. A. Hobson's "Incentives in the New Industrial Order" has that dignified and judicial sanity which is in all his work. It is not often realised how few economic writers there are without class bias on whose disinterested impartiality the reader can rely with full confidence; and Mr. Hobson is one of the few. After the strange paradox of Mr. Penty's prophecy of the future in the terms of mediæval scholasticism, Mr. Hobson's book is a most useful statement of the problems that will face us if we intend to start reform to-morrow morning. Being a man of balanced knowledge, this author assumes that the normal human desire for personal reward will remain a very powerful human incentive; but there will be small consolation for the abnormal profiteer in Mr. Hobson's ideal State. This book is a most useful summing up of the current theories of reform in terms of practical politics; though he should not assume that Mr. G. D. H. Cole's mechanical and superficial views represent the real Guild ideas. Mr. Hobson's title to his first chapter, "Collapse of the Old Order," shows that he has no hope of saving the world by compromise; but neither does he rely on the emotional hysteria of the middle and upper class anarchists of the Communist party. His analysis of the supreme position of the financial entrepreneur in modern industry is important; for if true (as it is) it must tend to drive the useful manufacturer and producer into defensive alliance with the community as against the financial profiteer who is the common enemy.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

* "Post-Industrialism." By Arthur J. Penty. With a preface by G. K. Chesterton. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)—"Incentives in the New Industrial Order." By J. A. Hobson. 4s. 6d. net. (Leonard Parsons.)

THE FIVE-POINTED STAR.*

Are the titles of books supposed to fit the theme or merely to attract the eye of the casual selector of books at libraries? I think it must be the more practical reason for the stories so seldom justify the name.

For instance, "The Clash." It is a brilliantly written book with a commonplace story of a love affair between a married woman and a soldier during the husband's absence at the war. As soon as the affair is at an end the woman seeks a reason for getting out of the promises she has made in the heat of passion. They are tired of each other and that is the whole matter. The same must be said of "Spilled Wine," a well written, interesting book of a woman's love affairs which end, after she has acquired a good deal of experience, in a happy marriage. Where is the Spilled Wine? Only, I am afraid, on the cover.

Storm Jameson has, as her publisher thoughtfully says, "written a series of episodes . . . which the flimsiest thread is sufficient to connect with the main structure." And it is a pity she has not more sense of form, but the episodes are so vivid, so sharp, that this imperfect book seems to me worth all the hodman talent with which the library shelves are filled. Storm Jameson says true things in a wonderful manner; she says passionate things passionately, she is vivid and very much alive, yet every now and then she forgets that she is writing a story and not a tract.

"The Stronger Influence" is a particularly pleasant book to read. It is not original, it is comfortably padded, it is like a plump and kindly matron; also it is well told and rather interesting. But the drunkard is not convincing, the girl, Esmé, is a young person of average feelings, the other man is a good chap, but too commonplace. F. E. Mills Young should study Beresford's "House in Demetrius Road." She will realise then how to make that sort of drunkard real; and, if she will consider the dialogue in "The Stronger Influence," she may notice how much of it might be cut out without its making any difference to either the story or the characterisation.

"The Two Flames," by M. Maas, is a good historical story, the beginning of which is roughly done, but which improves later on. An artist finds it easiest to write of

* "The Clash." By Storm Jameson. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"Spilled Wine." By G. St. John Loe. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)—"The Stronger Influence." By F. E. Mills Young. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Two Flames." By M. Maas. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)—"Caged Birds." By S. P. B. Mais. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)—"Sea Wrack." By Vere Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

artists and the hero of this book is an engraver. He has many adventures, for the time M. Maas has chosen to write of is the sixteenth century in Holland, with Spain exceeding troublesome and spies everywhere.

Curious how difficult it is to begin a book. Most novels suffer from this fault and must, because of it, miss many readers. One cannot struggle over four or five ill-arranged chapters, unless one is a hardened novel reader. Yet, as in "The Two Flames," it is often worth while. This is true also of "Sea Wrack," a promising story by a new writer. Miss Hutchinson has much to learn. She writes in an exaggerated style and I should be sorry to count the number of "frightfuls" with which she has littered her pages—"that was exactly the frightful word that aroused all too frightful thoughts." I am afraid she thinks adjectives strengthen, instead of weakening a sentence—"slamming out in its boastful, vulgar way as she told this hideous truth," but it might help her when writing other stories if, taking a few pages, she were to cut out all the adjectives sprinkled over them and study the result. But she needs more than restraint, she wants to realise that in constructing a story all the parts must be equally true to life. That is the test by which a book will take its place among others. The marriage of Tarnia for the sake of her father is a poor device used many a time, worn threadbare, and one that makes the critical reader lose faith in the story as having any relation to real life. So with Andrew's sentimental attitude towards the second will. But the writer of "Sea Wrack" can construct a good story, she has gift. It is at present so marred by bad writing and violence that it is unlikely the underlying power will receive the appreciation it should. To the faithful and sincere writer, however, comes in time the burning praise of the few who know, i.e. of the people Mr. Robert Briffault writes of in the *English Review* as "We."

These five books make me think of the emerald—a gem and yet generally flawed—but "Caged Birds" is, alas, no gem but only green glass. It has no starry qualities but is of the commonest earth, "He clutched her to him" . . . "with a delicious grunt of pleasure" . . . and so on, a vulgar hero who with a callousness that gives one a "scunner" deserts the child who says "I love Sundays more'n any day in the week. I only get post cards from you other days, but I get you all to myself on Sundays." In writing to his wife to tell her he is going to desert her, he says casually that he hopes the child won't forget him! Are fathers like that? Does the woman that at the moment they think they love put an end to all the old tendernesses? Or is Mr. Mais writing of some unspeakable cad? Bad writing, a despicable hero who is not a villain but the admired of his creator, such is "Caged Birds." Is it to be wondered at, that this cannot be placed alongside Storm Jameson's "Clash" or Vere Hutchinson's "Sea Wrack" and that my star therefore is only five-pointed?

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

A COLLECTOR OF CELEBRITIES.*

It is only fair to admit that Sir James Denham's memoirs deal with the really memorable. Sovereigns and statesmen, bishops and cardinals, poets and soldiers, courtiers and sportsmen, actors and beauties, peers and dons are all "collected" in his pages, which find room for celebrities of every sort, from Pope Leo XIII to Billington, the public hangman. The misfortune, alike for author and reader, is that few of these great personages talk in character or indeed have anything memorable to say. What is the good of bringing Browning and Swinburne, Gladstone and Disraeli on the stage unless the dialogue put into their mouths is worthy of them? Why introduce Henry Irving, Beerbohm Tree and Charles Wyndham only to tell us—what we all know—that the first had a thin voice, that the second murdered blank verse, and that the third had no love for poetry? Why, save out of pious friendship,

* "Memoirs of the Memorable." By Sir James Denham. 18s. net. (Hutchinson.)

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devote a whole chapter to a chronicle of the sayings and doings of such a tiresome person as the ninth Lord Byron? And why, in Heaven's name, does Sir James bore us by quoting his own negligible poetry when he can't even contrive to write decent prose? I don't mean to say that these memoirs are absolutely valueless. The snobbishness, the complacency, and the mid-Victorian religiosity that they exude are, it is true, excessively nauseous in the fourth year after the war; while the solemnity with which the author takes himself, alike as poet, man of the world and social commentator, would make even Polonius blush. But there are, I frankly admit, some good anecdotes of minor personages. There is the characteristic story of Tree proving that the foot is more eloquent than the hand by turning one of his most agonised passages into an invitation to Sir James to go behind the scenes to have a whisky and soda. There is the engaging tale of the Irish keeper who, seeing Sir James clad in "London dress," including white spats, pushed him behind the laurels with the whisper, "I would not for the life of me the ladies saw yer; for yer've got the laste taste of yer drawers showin' benathe yer trousers." And there is the grimly humorous yarn about the kindly passenger who acted as ministering angel to the writer of these memoirs when he fell seasick on the crossing to Ireland. "Have you anything in your bag that would relieve the pain?" asked Sir James. "I have one thing," said the M. A., "but not handy. A drop and you feel no more." "Oh! I should like it," besought Sir James. "Not so sure you would," muttered the M. A. as he turned away. He was, it subsequently transpired, Billington, *en route* for Dublin for the execution of some Fenians! But while Sir James, for all his pompousness and pose of *laudator temporis acti*, knows how to tell a good story and has indeed a good many to tell about minor lights, he is in his real element when he talks of great constellations, of the baronet who "was the possessor of two baronetcies of different names—a unique distinction"; of the Duke of Somerset, who has to put up with the second title of Baron Seymour, whereas their Graces of Leeds, Portland and Devonshire can call *their* eldest sons Marquesses; and of the children of Lord and Lady Walter Scott, who are descended on their father's side from King Charles I and on their mother's from Oliver Cromwell. It will be gathered from what I have said that I regard many of Sir James's reminiscences as rather wearisome. Those, however, who are prepared to balance his admirable matter against his old-fogey-like manner will find plenty of amusement in his study of English society in late Victorian times.

LEWIS BETTANY.

INFINITE VARIETY.*

Few readers could there be with soul so dead as not to receive any thrill from these two books or to hear a call of awakening to nature's infinite variety. Mr. Collett's crowded pages more obviously display the infinite variety of tree and flower and beast and bird and seasonal moods of land and sea, but Mr. Edgar Chance tells the story of four successive years' patient hunt for the cuckoo's secret so that it is as exciting as a skilful detective story, and much more significant in every sense of that abused word. "The Cuckoo's Secret" is an account of the discoveries made by Mr. Edgar Chance, a keen naturalist, and some friends, as to the habits of cuckoos in the nesting season from the end of April until early in July, when this "wandering voice" deserts us for Africa. It is additionally interesting for the fact that the discoveries he writes about were recorded on the kinematograph film, so that no flights of mythological fancy in the future will deprive us of the certainty as to how the cuckoo does lay her eggs. The true story offers food enough for wonder. How the female arrives and is greeted enthusiastically by male cuckoos; how she returns year after year to some particular area of thinly wooded country-side, and victimises the local tree-pipits, meadow-pipits, larks or chaffinches (but as long as possible favours with her attention the nests of one type of bird only); how her victims apparently accord her an excited welcome; how, sitting on a branch day by day she watches the progress of the little bird families under her point of vantage and calculates four days in advance which shall be the next nest to lay her egg in after she has laid the egg already forming; how she lays almost continuously throughout the season every other day, laying about twenty eggs in all; the rôle played by the male cuckoos, and by the other inhabitants of that piece of country-side—all this Mr. Chance is able to tell us with a businesslike directness occasionally tinged with uncontrolled enthusiasm. And if you want to advance some old superstition about the cuckoo carrying her egg in her bill to the nest, or that she changes into a hawk, Mr. Chance will refer you to the film bearing the title of his book.

I wondered if Mr. Collett had been referred to the film. When I saw one of his chapters headed "Wizard Cuckoos," knowing all about the cuckoo's secret, I dived into this big and finely produced volume to see if I could catch him out. But he knows all about it—the cuckoo's secret is for ever dissipated!

A town dweller must feel grateful to Mr. Collett for having amassed such a wealth of observations of the changing English year in nature. He seems to have noted everything there is to be noted about the English country-side, but I like him best when he condescends to meander a little. Then we have hints of the delightful intimacies of Gilbert White's "Selborne." Constantly one is delighted by the unexpectedness of the scenes and objects brought into contrast or comparison. But so rich is the author's store of memory, and so exquisite are many of the sights and sounds he would tell us about, that one feels also a disappointment. Why could he not have omitted many matter-of-fact things, such as the effect on the health of visitors respectively of the north and the south Cornish coasts? And his phrasing is too heavy; he describes such beautiful things that—quite unreasonably, of course—the reader wishes that Mr. Collett's prose might have become more fairylike, lighter of wing, lyrical, instead of metrical, as it does too often. This is perhaps why his description of the predatory stoat, "the red body rippling along the strand," is much more satisfying than what he says, with much knowledge, of "nightingales in song-time." Nevertheless the reader possessing this book owes some gratitude to the compiler of it, and a reading of such chapters as "The Fringe of the Road," "Thames Reeds and Lilies," "Timeless Night," "Railway Birds and Flowers," "Signals of Autumn," "Spring Nooks in Winter," augments that gratitude to the point of preserving on one's best shelves a front stall for "The Changing Year." We cannot have another W. H. Hudson, and we must be thankful to have Mr. Collett when we still have Mr. Hudson with us.

R. L. MÉGROZ.

* "The Cuckoo's Secret." By Edgar Chance. 7s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"The Changing Year." By Anthony Collett. 15s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

SIX BOOKS OF VERSE.*

The first of these books leaves the reader asking the question, "What exactly is it about?" There is some prose, and this seems to me of better quality than the poetry between which it is sandwiched. The following sentence illustrates the work:

> "Drawing to her: the mother of little ones to whose nursery days she brought sunshine, whose young health and happiness she made safe; holy sisters who laboured patiently among stumbling women; and some who had themselves strayed for lack of guidance, weaklings in the face of the world's cruelty."

This is a new sort of English structure, and I fear I am

* "Out of My Keeping." By Brimley Johnson. 1s. 2d. (Allen & Unwin.)—"Danse Macabre." By M. S. Collis. 3s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)—"New Altars." By Ethel Talbot Scheffauer. (Berlin: William Kupe.)—"Tollkopf on Dreams." By F. W. Stokoe. 3s. 6d. (Heffer.)—"The Golden Gateway." By L. A. Hurst Shorter. 5s. (Bryce.)—"In and Out of Heaven." By Hibbart Gilson. 7s. 6d. (Drane.)

too old-fashioned altogether to relish it. The book is sincere; that is its chief merit, and a great one.

The title of "Danse Macabre" is a good example of Mr. Collis's work. He is a poet of the romantic school with a trace of Tennyson in his melodious utterances and love of fine phrases: like his master he is haunted by a too great love of adjectives:

"Behind the edge of yonder ebon tope
Watch, for a pallid radiancy illumes
The eastern tamarind,
And touches with effulgence the black cope."

His subject matter is of the same sort as his technique: he repeats the familiar names of Conn and Connla, Deirdre and Concobar. He displays a "wealth of wormy circumstance" that is perhaps a little too insistent; we all die, but Mr. Collis's readers are all alive. In the "Confession," a tale of a young mediæval priest amorously haunted by a too free-hearted lady ghost, the attention is well held. There is one beautiful stanza in the last poem of the book, beginning:

"Can I forget the rich autumnal morn."

He is a true romantic of the nineteenth century, ever hearing in Wagnerian trance:

"Scarce the tempest, retreating sullen,
Mutter far-off thunderous sounds and fainter
Grow, until there cometh across the mountains
Singing triumphal."

Ethel Scheffauer has had her book published in Berlin—very nicely published, too, in yellow covers with bright blue fly-leaves inside. The printing is large and pleasantly (or perhaps to some unpleasantly) reminiscent of the German grammar type of our scholastic youth.

The author has a profoundly serious view of life. She combines a conventionally patriotic outlook on England's war with an admiration for Sir Roger Casement, whom she terms:

"One fighting giants with a sword of air."

It is sometimes a little hard to follow this poet. As I understand her, she is original enough to be able to praise, even with passion, the pacifist Objectors:

"Faithful in hope, the valiant band of brothers."

And yet in the same book proclaims:

"Better a brave man getting death for dole
Than a faint laggard lying in his bed:
For all men's life ends at the same grey goal,
A stone at foot and head."

This is admirable, even though it betrays a pleasant and womanly disregard of logic.

F. V. Stokoe's book is a Browningesque work.

"And under T find Tollkopf? So meanwhile
We read that quiet enigmatic smile,"

a good example of its style. It is a rather abstruse, thoughtful piece of philosophy. Tollkopf's chief fault, that:

"He alarmed his friends
With speeches quaint and uncouth antics"

seems also to be the besetting sin of his author. The best of the book is the collection of lyrics at the end: many of these are charming.

"The Golden Gateway" is a long poem. It is quite an interesting story, but would have been as well, I think, in prose. The author has a happy gift of phrasing:

"Wars divine crusade
Whereby sweet women all are widows made,"

though what divinity is there in widowing women? The poet's chief star appears to be Keats: he tells his tale and moralises pleasantly upon it in somewhat the same way.

The best of these six books is Mr. Gilson's "In and Out of Heaven." The title describes the position of its reader; for the most part he is left standing outside the golden gates, yet as the vast majority of verse writers never give

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Who wrote
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XUM

their followers even a glimpse of Zion, this is a sufficiently satisfactory position. His poems Mr. Gilson describes as "interdependent versicles." While not being quite sure what he means, I would adopt towards them a less modest attitude than their author's—some of them are excellent lyrics. An often fresh and beautiful mode of expression characterises them:

"The softly breathing breath,
Proud Zephyrus, or Death
Will march triumphant o'er the crest
Of yonder hillock to the west,"

such a song as Purcell or Campion would have put to music:

"Her love-born visions are to music set."

His philosophy is equally simple and sound:

"My pleasure of a night
Depends upon the light
That shines within myself,"

and the poem commencing:

"So did I sing on that fair morn"

is full of felicity even if a little reminiscent of the Wordsworthian lesson that "one moment in a vernal wood" is said to teach.

ARTHUR BRYANT.

FUEL CONTROL.*

Under the guise of the confessions and complaints of an overworked public man, the advice tendered him by a nerve expert, and the confidences of a woman struggling towards the light, Mr. H. G. Wells has given us a summary of his present attitude towards the problems of life. "The Secret Places of the Heart" is written with all the explosive and volcanic energy, with all the earnestness and honesty, with all the prophetic zeal that we associate with his name. If a great book, as Dr. Frank Crane maintains, is "one that rouses the reader's invention," then this is a great book. It is persistently stimulating.

Through the mouth of Sir Richmond Hardy, the overwrought Fuel Controller, as well as of "V. V.", his American inamorata, Mr. Wells once more abjures the Socialism that is only "a formula for class jealousy"; the working class in his view does not possess "any profounder political wisdom or more generous public impulses than any other class." He will admit only the Socialism that aspires to "control natural resources in the common interest." But with this increased control of the raw materials of life Mr. Wells would combine, illogically as many may think, a relaxation of control over "personal behaviour," over life itself. Sir Richmond fights desperately hard against the waste of fuel, but by the licence of his personal behaviour is allowed to lay waste the lives of three women devoted to him. It may be urged with some truth that he is not to be taken as a representative man. His creator certainly depicts him as a "coarse, ill-bred man," whose admirable public life is streaked privately with "disreputable intrigue." As with "V. V." herself, his character is not up to the level of his intellect. On the other hand these defects are rather excused than condemned. They arise, the Harley Street expert explains, from the fact that man retains in "the secret places of the heart" vestiges of the primordial animal from which he is derived, "the pelty, egg-laying, bristle-covered beast that crawled and hid among the branches of vanished and forgotten Mesozoic trees." Owing to this inheritance, man in general, and Sir Richmond in particular, is the prey of "irresistible impulses." And while science is called in to exonerate the sinner in theory, in practice and in the actual march of events the "coarse, ill-bred, disreputable" Sir Richmond becomes irresistibly fascinating to the American girl.

Not a little of his fascination is due to the admirable way in which he recreates ancient history and clothes vestiges of civilisation with flesh and blood in the course of a motor tour with "V.V." through Avebury, Bath and other places dear to the archæological soul of Mr. H. G. Wells. In fact in his enthusiasm for Avebury he nearly forgets the purpose of his book, but it is recalled by the sage remark of the Fuel Controller that the old inhabitants of that wonderful village were probably driven to leave it by their wasteful use of the surrounding woods as fuel.

It is this broad outlook on history that evokes once again that old dictim of the author's which so much commended itself to the late Mgr. R. H. Benson, that the individual "matters scarcely at all"; it is his work that matters. The individual is "unimportant." Perhaps some minds may find it difficult to reconcile this with the other dictum that divinity appears intermittently in all sorts of people, even in the vexatious Fuel Committee men. Recipients of divinity cannot be unimportant. It is also a little puzzling to find this philosophical Fuel Controller set himself up, with the apparent approval of his creator, as "a guardian of the helpless minors of the world," when we remember that he is suffering, in the words of the Harley Street expert, from "an access of sex," that he makes a selfish use of women to renew his energy and vigour of action. But it seems as if this must be charged not to his account, but to the bad education of women—of Lady Richmond. She did not provide "the proper atmosphere." "We have to educate women far more seriously as sources of energy—as guardians and helpers of men."

W. A. FOX

* "The Secret Places of the Heart." By H. G. Wells. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Novel Notes.

THEODORE SAVAGE. By Cicely Hamilton. 7s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)

Miss Cicely Hamilton has written a book which stands out from the mass of literature as a canary would distinguish itself in a flock of sparrows. To say that it is original would strike an utterly false note; for it deals with the oldest subject in man's world—the elementary things of the human mind. The term originality has too often that unhappy suggestion of a striving after effect, as a cubist painter appeals to the sensationalism of a society with degenerate nerves; but this book has the unaffected simplicity which is the mark of almost all fine literature. Miss Hamilton has built her plot on such a gigantic scale that it might easily have dragged her into the realm of phantoms. The world of her romance is an earth swept bare of civilisation by the scourge of a war waged by gas and air bombs. Mankind becomes the helpless sport of the latest idea in military strategy—"the displacement of population." Driven in panic-stricken herds, seeking safety from gas and fire, hoping to find food where it has ceased to be produced, the human race goes back to its elements, its bare skeleton of conscious life. Handled without skill, the idea would have become a mere piece of sensational propaganda against war; but Miss Hamilton has spun so finely with the intimate fibres of human emotion and thought that the whole effect is startlingly real. There are passages of brilliant and subtle psychological analysis—for example, the mind of a factory girl, left helpless in a world without machinery and cinemas. Greatest idea of all is the tribe that has banished the "devilry of knowledge" from its life—for had not science brought its civilisation to destruction! The whole conception of this wrecked world is a really great creation of the imagination; and it is worked out with a mastery of history and the human mind that is startling. One grows cautious of superlatives in this uncertain world, but the soberest judgment must declare that Miss Hamilton has written a book which combines literary skill, intellect and emotional beauty in a manner that is very rare indeed.

DOUBLE-CROSSED. By W. Douglas Newton. 7s. 6d. net. (Appleton).

A thrilling, sensational yarn that carries you breathlessly along from start to finish. There is a hustling atmosphere about the story which is well suited to the plot, and imbues

it with virility. The plot concerns a beautiful young girl, a millionairess, whom an Englishman named Clement Seadon tries to rescue from the clutches of a gang of villains. The gang have concocted an elaborate plot to get the girl out to Canada to help a worthless fellow with whom she has once been in love: they play on her sense of chivalry and generosity with such good purpose that their plot almost succeeds. Almost. But there is Clement Seadon to reckon with; and the fight he has to save the girl from her own impulses, and the wiles of the gang, make as exciting a story as even the most exacting of sensation-loving readers could deslre.

SHADOW-SHOW. By Viola Bankes. 7s. net. (John Long.)

Admittedly the first book of an apparently very young author, "Shadow-Show" has run into a place in Mr. John Long's latest Prize Novel Competition, and when Miss Bankes has grown out of a few faults that are mostly those of youth, she can look confidently to writing "best-sellers" with ease. Our post-war novelists would not be themselves if they were not precocious, so it is no matter for surprise to find a writer still in her teens (if rumour is to be believed) discoursing airily of "vamps" and dope-fiends, engaging young middle-aged fathers and their schoolgirl daughters in the frankest and freeest discussion of each other's respective love-affairs, and making all such of her characters as are intended to be intelligent prodigal in the use of naughty little epigrams that may occasionally bring the "unco' guid" reader up with something of a start. Miss Bankes has the root of the matter in her. For all its "vamps," dope-fiends, and unpleasant young men, there is not a trace of real nastiness in the book, rather an odd and attractive freshness, while after an opening a trifle jejune it is remarkable how the writing settles down to an easy and assured flow of narrative comedy, with only occasional excrescences or absurdities to betray the prentice hand. Miss Bankes's only real failure is in the attempt to make her "Dago" villain interesting, and it is surprising that Pa Wilmot never administered summary corporal chastisement to such a horrible bounder.

THE RHODESIAN LILY. By J. Weedon Birch. 6s. (Heath Robinson & Birch.)

There are authors who can spin yarns of exciting adventure in wild lands they have never seen. Possibly Mr. Weedon Birch could do this if he tried, but he is not under any necessity to make the attempt. He lived for many years in Rhodesia; knows the place and its people, and has himself experienced a good deal of the romance that he puts into his books. He proved in "The Lure of the Honey Bird" that he knew how to write a good story, and he proves it again triumphantly in "The Rhodesian Lily." His heroine is a charmingly simple and "untutored" girl, placed in unusual surroundings, and brought face to face with difficulties and perils that are unknown in more orderly, more civilised communities. It is a stirring, vigorous story in which the Rhodesian Mounted Police play a not inconspicuous part, introducing a number of remarkable people, and rich in moving incidents and dramatic situations. A breezy, unpretentious yarn, full of suspense and surprises, and anyone who wants a rattling tale of love and adventurous doings will find it here.

SKAG: SON OF POWER. By Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost. 7s. 6d. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

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XUM

Cover Design by E. Blampied.

For Cyrus T. Brady's successful romance, "When the Sun Stood Still" (Jarrolds), reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

where the tigers and monkeys so fascinated him that he subsequently ran away from home and joined a travelling circus where he was first a helper and then a trainer in the menagerie. After some years the lure of India seizes upon his imagination. Answering the call, he there finds himself involved in a series of interesting and often perilous experiences in the heart of the jungle with many of its wild creatures. These adventures with tigers, elephants and monkeys soon become part of the daily life of Skag and his companions. Others arise as the result of an impulsively undertaken search for a beautiful girl, said to have been kidnapped, and lead him indirectly into a romance of his own. About this time a tragic occurrence secures to Skag the devotion of the great dog, Nels. It is a pity that what is in most respects a well constructed novel of adventure and love, and might otherwise have been very enjoyable reading, should be spoilt through the use of such intricate bizarre phrasing as is here employed. The modern fad for involved obscurity of language is particularly regrettable in the present case.

THE ATHEIST. By J. A. T. Lloyd. 7s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd is the author of three other books, all of which have received praise from experienced critics. Nevertheless, this present critic is disappointed in "The Atheist." The plot is undoubtedly a clever one; it concerns the son of a Christian woman and a Jew, and the son's passion for an Irish girl. By an obliging coincidence the Jew becomes wealthy at about the same time as the girl's money is lost by the failure of a bank, and the rest of the story concerns the girl's adventures and the Jew's pursuit. I am not sure that it was necessary to make the atheist a Jew, even for the reason given—the man's mixed parentage—but novelists are apt to regard Judaism as a convenient cloak for their more sinister characters. The book is not without moments of considerable strength, but these are like the raisins in a boarding-house pudding. There are pages of reflection and dissection which are in some cases merely repetition. Nora—presumably to show her imaginative temperament—has a singularly annoying habit of imagining herself half a dozen persons at once, chiefly at moments when one feels she really would have no time for such a Hibernian "divarshin." If Mr. Lloyd had put his manuscript aside for a month or two longer, and read it again on a bright spring morning in the open air, probably he would have cut out a good deal of unnecessary matter and filled up the gaps with some of the really good work of which he is capable. Somehow, from the first page to the last, one is conscious of a sense of dissatisfaction, which one attributes to the fact that not one of the characters described seems to behave really naturally for any length of time. Of course, no two people are alike, yet (paradoxically) there is a fundamental sameness in human nature. One wishes some of the people in "The Atheist" were more human. Nevertheless, it is a book that cannot be thrown aside as of no importance, for it contains a big idea. It might have been a big book if Mr. Lloyd had developed it more carefully.

THÉRÈSE OF THE REVOLUTION. By Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Haggard, D.S.O. 7s. 6d. (White.)

There will always be vast numbers of people who will devour eagerly a tale of the great days of the French Revolution, and here is one that will make an easy appeal. Colonel Haggard writes of these tremendous hours with a soldierly simplicity, and has selected for his heroine that Thérèse who has been compared to the saintly Nurse Cavell. For she risked her life in hiding and saving those who had been marked down for the guillotine by Robespierre. Her character, wayward, winning and seductive, is cleverly sketched from the beginning, when she makes dramatic entry, bounding to the foot of the guillotine, and with a dagger slashing through the cords that bound the wrists of the unfortunates. One of the best episodes in this crowded story is that of Charlotte Corday and her murder of Marat. We see vividly, in imagination, the lovely young girl, gazing strangely at her victim. Marat is "a dirty, yellowish man, seated in a hip bath, across which was a board on which he was writing, in a room of blue-and-white damask." A sound and exciting yarn.

SUCCESS. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. (Constable.)

Mr. Adams has succeeded. When we laid down his long, long story (five hundred and fifty-three closely-packed pages) we found it had not been too long. Although the story is typically American, although there are times when it becomes heavily involved in politics—American politics! The characters are all so human. the studies of hero and heroine are etched in with a pen that is at once careful and unerring. The best part of the book is perhaps the section headed "Enchantment," when wonderful Io Welland comes into the quiet life of Errol Banneker, a young station agent at an obscure siding. Their love story holds the interest all the way through, and the writer flits easily from practical matters to romance and Rossetti. Banneker comes to New York to take up newspaper work, meanwhile Io is married to the wrong man, and many are the incidents and twists of the road till they find each other in peace. Mr. Adams works on a large canvas, his style is leisured; an air of spaciousness and serenity broods over his chapters. This is a notable novel, with the compelling quality of charm.

THE SNOWSHOE TRAIL. By Edison Marshall. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Among the many stories of the mysterious and lonely North-West this one takes a very high place. For though it has some of the familiar characters—the woodsman of fine feelings and rough exterior, the city man who is a rogue, the city girl who takes to the life of the wilds and whose honour is safe through all trials with the rough woodsman—it is told with a skill and a sense of drama which make it, after all, original. Bill the woodsman, hunter, miner, adventurer, has resources which never fail; even when he is blinded temporarily by mischance he carries through a fight against three scoundrels which would have finished any ordinary man. And the gradual development of Virginia's love for him is excellently told. We are sure, of course, in all these stories, that virtue will be triumphant and that the villain will get what he deserves; but Mr. Marshall does not unduly stress this inevitable ending. His descriptions of the scenery and the storms which surround the adventurers are very fine, and the whole book grips the reader's attention from the beginning to the last page.

THE AMAZING SCHOOLMASTER. By R. W. Campbell. 6s. (Cecil Palmer.)

The creator of Spud Tamson has now engendered a new type, the militant schoolmaster. Mr. A. S. Neill's dismissed dominie is somewhat akin, but he was born to fail, where Mr. Campbell's hero is born to succeed. One figures Mr. Neill's dominie as in a chronic state of dismissal, doubtless through his rooted habit of injecting more voluble anarchism than any educational body could absorb at once; but Jock Rivers, with his M.A., D.S.O. and numerous other additions, is the kind of person who gets things done. For the majority of readers the book is a capital humorous story, with amusing sketches of municipal and official Bumbles; but to those interested in education it is something more—it is a useful object lesson. The low estate of education is due largely to the timorous attitude of the teachers. If they were a little more pugnacious, like the hero of this story, both they and the schools would be the gainers.

WILD JUSTICE: STORIES OF THE SOUTH SEAS. By Lloyd Osbourne. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

It is not fair of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne. Here are we, packed more or less securely in some of the biggest cities of the world, taking shelter from rain, wearing clothes that afflict us in hot weather and are not particularly comfortable in cold weather, catching trains and colds and running offices and paying—or trying to pay—income-tax; and he considers this a suitable moment to call our attention to those South Sea isles where nature supplies every need and laughter and flowers and blue skies are the principal things that matter. Still, to do him justice, he describes several "affairs" which go to show that envy and murder, revenge and foul play have their setting in these lovely scenes, and that human nature, unchecked by law, can be very ugly indeed. To this new edition of his volume of stories some excellent additions have been made. Perhaps the best of them are those which deal with the white men who, for various reasons, are castaways on the shores of coral-girt and strangely-populated islands—castaways who have by no means lost their nerve, and who "carry on" their new life with the utmost cheek until discovery comes by a visiting ship whose message betrays them. Upon this foundation Mr. Osbourne has built some exciting yarns, and no reader will complain that he has not given good measure. He has the art of dramatist and novelist combined, and his methods are exactly right. Take as an example the incident of "Old Dibs," the mysterious stranger who landed with "five large trunks and the clothes he stood in." Money, in hard cash, was in those trunks, and the two men whom he confided in rigged up a hiding-place in a giant tree in the middle of the island, where, in the event of a suspicious-looking vessel making a call, he could retire. For a long time nothing happened; then came an inquiring ship, and up the tree went the visitor, by the strenuous efforts of his friends. And the ship's company hunted in vain for the absconding banker and company promoter on whose head a big price was set. His end, after such a fine run for his money, was a sad one, but he retained his acuteness to the last, and took care that his money did not fall into other hands. The story is one that holds the reader to the finish, and it is a good example of the author's style and genius for an exciting plot. Humour and tragedy, inseparable as ever, go to the making of this fascinating book.

MESSER MARCO POLO. By Dom Byrne. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

It does not surprise the reader to hear that this book made its writer's reputation in America. This reviewer has so much enjoyed it—wept and laughed and taken to heart the beauty of it—that she hopes others will have the same joy. It is a mediæval romance, and that puts one off. It begins in the Glens of Antrim which has a

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like effect, and it takes time to get into the story. Yet in the end you would not have had it shorter by so much as a word. Messer Marco Polo, intrigued by the description of Golden Bells, the daughter of Kubla Khan, given him by an old sea-captain, starts off for China and marries her. China, for some writers, has become the land of romance. Delightful was Hergesheimer's description of a Chinese lady who married an American; delightful also is this account of little Golden Bells. The writing has the tang of Ireland, of peat fires and old poetry and grand adventure. In fact the book is one that you read and turn back to read again, till you know much of it by heart.

The Bookman's Table.

LETTERS ON EDUCATION. By Edward Lyttelton. 5s. (Cambridge University Press.)

Dr. Lyttelton follows Locke's example and writes to a friend about the education of children. But he makes his work much more personal and attractive than Locke contrived to do. One is tempted to think that the ex-Head of Eton has been almost too anxious not to be a bore, but with Thomas Love Peacock's warning before him, he is not to be blamed. All manner of artistic devices have been adopted to lend an air of verisimilitude to the correspondence, but the reader is never for a moment allowed to get the impression of anything but intense seriousness as the basis of the whole. Dr. Lyttelton is intensely in earnest. His interest in education is profound and sincere, but it can never get away from the religious aspect. The real subject of the book is the problem that has worried many anxious souls since the outbreak of the great war: Can the Sermon on the Mount hold its place as the basis of a working morality? The answer is affirmative, though the difficulties are by no means minimised. The modest spirit of the book may be guessed from the confession on the last page by the author's mouthpiece that, so far from having even defined education, he has "hardly touched the fringe of the subject." An earnest, untechnical and amiable treatment.

A WITHERED NOSEGAY. Compiled by Noel Coward, with reproductions from Old Masters by Lorn MacNaughtan. 5s. net. (Christophers.)

Mr. Noel Coward is, we believe, a young actor in the early twenties who a year or two ago figured at the New Theatre as the author of a light comedy called "I'll Leave it to You." In his new work he has attempted to compose a skit on those biographies of Royal mistresses which have become so popular an article of commerce within recent years. Properly done—done that is to say by a man provided with the literary equipment of Mr. J. C. Squire or of Mr. Somerset Maugham—such a series of parodies as Mr. Coward has tried to write would doubtless be exceedingly amusing. In the hands, however, that have collected "A Withered Nosegay" they become not critical burlesques, as they should be, but the wildest and crudest of farces. The accompanying illustrations of Miss Lorn MacNaughtan's, which profess to be reproductions of old paintings, mezzotints, line-engravings, etchings, oleographs, and pastels, are by far the best part of this rather feeble joke. Anything, however, less like a rendering of a mezzotint than the portrait of Julie de Poopinac cannot well be imagined.

CREATIVE UNITY. By Rabindranath Tagore. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

It is difficult to seize upon anything definite in the work of Tagore; the amiable sentences flow on until the reader is mesmerised into a condition of helpless acquiescence. It is all so true, so incontrovertible and uncontroversial, in spite of its excellent English and its air of wise argument. When the author treats of exclusively Indian affairs, as in his essay on "An Eastern University," he becomes interesting; when he writes upon "The Modern Age" or "The Creative Ideal" or "The Poet's Religion" he has nothing fresh to put before educated readers, and the limpid lucidity of his statements gives a sense of desperate agreement. "All the language of joy is beauty," he writes. "It is necessary to note, however, that joy is not pleasure, and beauty not mere prettiness. Joy is the outcome of detachment from self and lives in freedom of spirit. Beauty is that profound expression of reality which satisfies our hearts without any other allurements but its own value." Try hard as we may, sentences such as these—and there are hundreds—refuse to thrill us as doubtless we ought to be thrilled. However, the excellent Tagore has, we believe, a large circle of readers who are able to appreciate his attempts at philosophy; and they certainly will enjoy this collection of essays.

PSYCHIC PHENOMENA IN THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Sarah A. Tooley. 2s. 6d. net. (Philpot.)

Mrs. Tooley is so well known in biographical and general magazine literature that her entrance into the region of psychical inquiry may occasion some surprise to those who know her work. But the little book under notice is a quite moderate and reasonable statement of her views, in no way comparable to the rather fantastic opinions of the late Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox when towards the end of her life she took up the study of the "Supernormal." The book deals with "Materialisations," "Angel Guides," "Dreams and Visions," and related matters, giving examples of each from Old Testament records and appealing to modern instances in the psychic phenomena of to-day. Mrs. Tooley does not give much in the nature of commentary and exposition, her purpose being apparently to trace parallels between ancient and modern experiences and so to confirm along rationalist lines that miraculous element in the Bible which has been so great a stumbling-block to the followers of the "Higher Criticism." Whatever its demerits it may be readily conceded that scientific spiritualism has made the Bible more credible and intelligible to the modern mind, and the examples chosen by the author are well adapted to illustrate the fact even in so limited a field as the Hebraic portion of the Bible. It is no disparagement of her book if we say that Mrs. Tooley would have found in the New Testament a much larger and richer field of study, with closer parallels and more significant examples.

HARDY PERENNIALS. By A. J. Macself. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

A welcome addition to the capital series entitled "The Home Garden Books." Mr. Macself is founder and first chairman of the National Hardy Plant Society, and author of an excellent handbook on "Antirrhinums and Penstemons." The great point to be noted about this work is that the author is thoroughly aware of the difficulties of the amateur, even speaks with sympathy of the distressing empty, non-flowering places that occur so constantly in the border of the ordinary person. His advice will be of the greatest help. "Why do we not more often plant clematis in the open border, with a few rough boughs or an old tree stump for them to ramble over?" he asks. "Once seen growing in this fashion, the real glory of a well developed clematis is indelibly impressed on the mind." We could quote on and on. A workmanlike book (the flowers arranged in alphabetical order), it is enormously helped by the lovely coloured photographs by R. A. Maltby and by Miss Winifred Walker's charming water colours.

JOY IS MY NAME. By Nicholas Fay. 3s. 6d. (Cecil Palmer.)

An attractive title to an erratic, attractive little book full of gentle imaginings about babies. There is a foreword by Dame Margaret Lloyd George, full of praise: "This very human little book will, I feel sure, find its way

to many mother-hearts—and to men's as well." We quote one of the many pretty fancies: "So far no light has been shed on the following matters—' Where does the wind go when it blows my hat off? Why does pussy wash herself with spit? What's love? Why shouldn't a little boy fight with a little girl when she's cheeky?'" The glimpses of Babies in Parliament are rather engaging: "The Opposition was in strong force, and it was apparent from the businesslike way in which they laid aside their Comforters that they were not to be trifled with!" There is a Speakerlet, a Leaderkin and some Torykins. We all know the type of young mother to whom this book will be a thing infinitely precious; with its whimsies and its faith in angels.

Music.

BÉLA BARTÒK AND MAGYAR MUSIC.

BY ANTHONY CLYNE.

THE visit of M. Bartòk reminded us, as many musical critics pointed out, that we know very little of the music of Hungary. No doubt this surprised not a few, who thought of Liszt, Brahms, and Korbay's collection, and considered they had some conception of its peculiar qualities. Few are competent to determine how far the arrangements of Korbay are true expressions of typical Magyar music, but they are certainly totally unlike Bartòk's music, and may be suspected of being the clever exploitation of an ingenious but artificial convention. As for Brahms, his so-called Hungarian music was partly the result of deception practised upon him by Hungarians and partly conscious adoption of an attractive convention, and especially of what may be called the gipsy band characteristics. I am not discussing the value of the music, but its claim to be considered Hungarian. As for Liszt, he was Hungarian by birth, but he was only a child when a few Hungarian nobles, interested in his musical precocity, sent him to study in Vienna and Paris. In Paris he became cosmopolitan in himself and his music, and his "Rhapsodies Hongroises" are the compositions of a cosmopolitan genius who, perfectly legitimately, took advantage of awakening interest in his country. They owe little, if anything, to Hungarian folk-music.

Photo by Reginald Silk. **M. Béla Bartòk.**

M. Bartòk, writing recently in *La Revue Musicale*, explains that the cultured Hungarians themselves knew little of the folk songs of their own country, until he and a band of young enthusiasts began to collect them patiently and accurately from the people themselves, in remote villages where they still lingered and had not been discarded for the empty tawdriness of modern

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SOME THINGS THAT MATTER

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XUM

popular songs. It was a difficult task, for the peasants suspected that their ancient songs would provoke contempt. It was necessary to gain their confidence. Then, having learned all the peasants could teach, it was necessary to distinguish between the purity of some of the music, probably unaltered since the Magyars came out of the East, and the contamination or corruption of the rest.

Upon this collection of truly Hungarian music M. Bartòk has based his own style. He has done more than master its technical peculiarities, its marked accentuation, its pentatonic scale; he has steeped himself in its spirit, its naïve poetry, its fresh vision. The result is music of unfamiliar idiom, but with unfamiliarity different in nature as in aim from that of much so-called "new music." Its sincerity is convincing. It would be folly to pretend that in this country we can yet fully understand it. We shall need to hear it again and again before it has yielded all its significance. But if we have heard it, we know that this significance does lie within it, to become gradually manifest.

To the present writer it seems the music of the plains, the wide steppes of Hungary, with the open sky above and the fresh breeze blowing. It seems another kind of music to that of hot concert-rooms, innocent with the paradoxical innocent wisdom of Nature's children, simple with the paradoxical simple complexity of Nature itself. One feels that it needs to be estimated by other standards than those to which we are accustomed, that comparisons have little meaning. When it is grotesque, it seems to be as Japanese art, for example, sometimes is, until we have learned to understand. Then we discover the grotesque has changed to natural beauty in a comprehensible medium. It is clear in its rhythm, with the strong accents of the mysterious language of Hungary. M. Bartòk's technical execution is superb, and it reveals the essentials of the music with more subtlety than that of one whose powers had not been thoroughly subdued by the theme. But it is with the music itself, rather than the performance of M. Bartòk and Miss d'Aránvi, that this article is concerned.

The Magyar temperament is not antipathetic to the British, and to us Magyar music will appeal, when it is understood, more perhaps than to the French, for example. It has nothing of that delicate elusiveness which often becomes just dreamy confusion. It is strange, but not "insaisissable." Nor, on the other hand, is it aggressive in the manner of so much "new music," an assault on traditions for the sake of assaulting them. It may be fanciful to suggest that its touches of humour seem particularly akin to the British variety. Is it possible to distinguish between "active" and "passive" music, between music which expresses energy not by violence but by significant movements, and music which eternally promises peace by resolving all our hopes? If so, then Magyar music, the music of Béla Bartòk, is "active." It is the music of men who work and strive, and do not yet crave for rest, not feverishly, but happily, not reluctantly, but because it is entirely natural, beset by quaint fancies and glimpses of the comic and passing moods of questioning, but free of the restless disillusionment and morbid scepticism of "modernity."

THE WARES OF AUTOLYCUS.*

"He has songs for man or woman of all sizes."—
Winter's Tale.

Here are nine compositions for voice and pianoforte, diverse as those which filled the pedlar's pack. Some, in which the composer has spent his undoubted talent upon words so trite, trivial, or banal that one cannot understand why he chose them. Others, where a felicitous lyric has furnished the motive for lovely arabesques of tone, demanding sympathy and skill from the executants. Others again of an obvious, hearty, cheerful robustitude, the output of long-popular writers and musicians. Something, in short, to please everybody—the very wares of Autolycus translated into sheet-music.

A motley medley; and if to the ears of A, let us say, the aspirations of a particular ballad-monger spell merely exasperations, why, you will find B giving eager welcome to the self-same song, and "admiring the nothing of it" wholeheartedly.

In "The Happiest Fellow in Town" the veteran F. E. Weatherly supplies the verses, and Ernest Newton of familiar fame has handled them to good effect. "This," in Autolycus' own phrase, "is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one," and runs with a rattling swing. "The Minstrel" offers a more elaborate accompaniment than is Easthope Martin's wont, and a melody distinguished by verve and go. "This is a brave fellow," says our pedlar.

About "The Emigrant," by F. S. Breville-Smith, there is a queer, almost uncouth fascination. It has the beauty of extraordinary expressiveness, of stark realism, rather than the lure of direct melody. "Not to the sensual ear, but more endeared," it recapitulates the rough rhythm of Masefield's poem—the stamp and shuffle of old sea-boots along the shanty floor—the undercurrent of anguish, still waters running deep, in the soul of the emigrant lingering outside. "The ballad is very pitiful, and as true," quoth Autolycus; so true that it surprises one.

An odd fact about H. T. Burleigh's three songs is that the merit of the setting is almost in inverse ratio to that of the words; which upsets all opinions as to the inspirational power of poetry. Of course I believe that the very best short lyrics, the unapproachable ones such as certain of Shelley's, of Campion's, of Heine's, can never be really companioned suitably with sound, to fashion the ideally perfect song. They lie too deep for tears, too high for laughter; they are sufficient to themselves. A brief retrospect will convince most people that they do not know of any "Lydian airs, married to immortal verse," in which the mating is an equal one. The poorest words often seem to evoke the most heaven-sent strains, and vice versa. So that indeed one need not wonder at Mr. Burleigh's success with such lines as "I wondered at his levity and years, So foreign to the fancies I outlined." How does one *outline* fancies? whose nebulosity is their intrinsic charm. And how can anybody want to set such unvocal words? Yet turn the pages of "Come With Me" and you will discover that out of this unpromising material Mr. Burleigh has developed a desirable song. Between his "Adoration" (wherein "you" is provided as the rhyme for another "you") and his "Before Meeting" there is a similarity, indefinable yet perceptible; it partly lies in the finales, with their ultimate closes on the dominant—partly on the modulations, largely in the

* "The Happiest Fellow in Town." Words by Fred. E. Weatherly. Music by Ernest Newton. 2s. (Paxton.)—"The Minstrel." Words by Helen Taylor. Music by Easthope Martin. 2s. (Enoch.)—"The Emigrant." Words by John Masefield. Music by F. E. Breville-Smith. 2s. (Elkin.)—"Come With Me." Words by Lura Kelsey Clen Dening. Music by H. T. Burleigh. 2s. (Elkin.)—"Adoration." Words by Dora Lawrence Houston. Music by H. T. Burleigh. 2s. (Elkin.)—"Before Meeting." Words by Arthur Symons. Music by H. T. Burleigh. 2s. (Elkin.)—"Apart." Words by Eileen Newton. Music by Arthur de Greef. 2s. (Enoch.)—"Thelma Valse." Music by Marcel Deslys. 2s. (Enoch.)—"Villanelle of Firelight." Words by Naomi N. Carvalho. Music by Cyril Scott. 2s. (Elkin.)

rather uninteresting accompaniments, and vaguely in the manner of thought in which this music is conceived.

On reading Arthur de Greef's "Apart" one can barely repress a shudder at the Cockney rhyme of "dawn" and "born." Surely the author could have amended this by substituting "morn" for "dawn"?

However, the thing is a pleasant, unambitious ditty on the well-worn, never-palling theme of separated lovers; singable and sentimental.

"Thelma" has four lines of crude verse to it, intended for *obbligato* vocalisation *ad lib.* after the modern mode of dance music, but it is in no sense a song; it is a tuneful, taking valse, likely to prove useful.

And now for the pick of the pedlar's pack, "very pleasant matter indeed," for which the name of Cyril Scott will prepare you. "Villanelle of Firelight" is simply charming. The ethereal flutter of "delicate fairy wings" in the flickering firelight, depicted by the author, is rendered by the composer with signal grace; the *tout ensemble* is a miracle of daintiness. This exquisite, elusive piece deserves an adequate performance (without presenting any real difficulty for either vocalist or pianist), which should be something to remember with joy when songs less salient have faded quickly out of memory. "We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed!" (*Exit* Autolycus.)

An analysis of the above songs will reveal that only two of them are in the strict sense love-songs, i.e. "The Minstrel" and "Apart," both of which emphasise the personal equation. And even "Apart" is of a non-committal nature. Although two or three of the rest contain, so to speak, repressed indications of affection, they might easily be addressed to one's child, one's sister, or one's mother—they are so abstract in style, the intensity of personal passion is kept so well in hand. The only one in which I discern a strange and secret depth of purely personal feeling is the poignant "Emigrant," and that suggests a peculiar species of emotion which will not be intelligible to all. Undoubtedly the present trend of English song-writing is toward the unimpassioned, the impersonal, the statement of surface values. This somewhat negative attitude may result in larger sales, since it produces the type of song which can be sung by anybody anywhere. But whether it makes for permanent strength and beauty must remain a moot point. MAY BYRON.

HOW TO BECOME A PIANIST. By Mark Hambourg. 3s. 6d. net. (Pearson.)

Mr. Mark Hambourg's book should prove of great worth to the pianist, especially to the learner. It is written in a lucid, vigorous style, and is full of sound common sense, practical advice and invaluable hints. The would-be pianist is encouraged, yet at the same time told all the hard facts he will have to face. "He must consider, amongst other things, if he is capable of many years of hard, unremitting work at the development of the technical side of his art. He must also find in himself physical endurance, courage, coolness in emergency, command of nerves, determination, inexhaustible patience, self-confidence and, above all, such a love of his art for its own sake as will carry him over every disappointment," says Mr. Mark Hambourg. The ground is covered very thoroughly, and deals with the choosing of a teacher, the care of the student's health, developing the musical memory, how to practise, technique, scales, elementary principles for study, hints on how to master the keyboard, some common mistakes and how to avoid them, expression, and how to use the pedal, playing in public, etc. And at the end of the book is an abridged compendium of exercises for the use of students. It is altogether an excellent handbook, and should attain great popularity among all students of the piano.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

MY FATHER HAS SOME VERY FINE SHEEP. By Herbert Hughes. (Enoch.)

An old country song, with a jolly, lilting swing to it. The composer says he took down the Antrim version of

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the words " from the singing of a Ballyclare man in the year 1906. The length of the song depends upon the singer's imagination—goats, horses, geese, etc., being added to the catalogue here given, with the sounds appropriate to each."

SIX POEMS (after poems by Heine). Edward MacDowell. (Winthrop Rogers.)

This is a delightful and characteristic MacDowell book, full of haunting melody.

THE ROMANY ROAD. Music by Stanley Dickson. Words by Sydney H. Rothschild. (Enoch.)

A fine, rousing tune, and spirited words—full of vigour. A song with an " open-air " atmosphere.

THE GREAT ORME. Music by D. M. Stewart. Words by Tim. (Augener.)

A song in which both words and music are quite out of the ordinary. The poem is one of great power and imagination, and conjures up a vivid picture. The music has caught the atmosphere of the words very skilfully.

THE VOW (after the Russian of Kostrov). Music by F. W. Massi-Hardman. Words by John Bowring. (Augener.)

A quaint little song. The melody is pleasing and full of charm.

KISS ME GOOD-BYE. Music by Jack Thompson. Words by Kathleen Stuart. (Enoch.)

Neither the words nor music have any freshness in them. Both are reminiscent of many songs that have gone before them.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE YEARS. Music by May H. Brahe. Words by P. J O'Reilly. (Enoch.)

A wistful strain runs throughout this song. It has a graceful melody and a quiet charm of its own.

Gertrude Peppercorn, who is giving a series of Pianoforte Recitals at Chelsea Town Hall, is the wife of the well-known novelist, Mr. Stacy Aumonier. Her second and third recitals will be given on the 1st and 15th of this month.

The Drama.

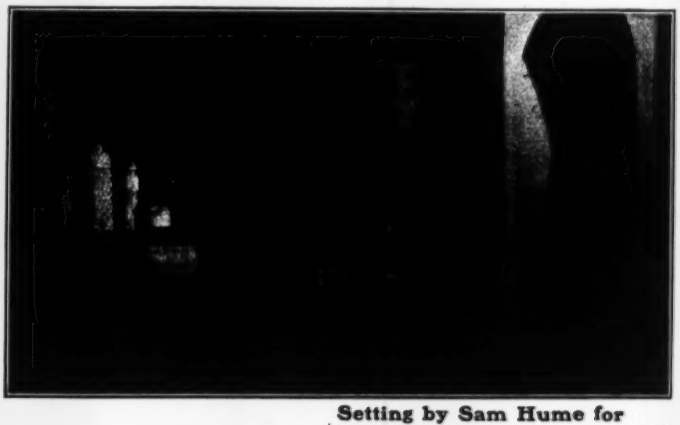
SCENIC ART.

By Graham Sutton.

LAST January a pilgrimage to the International Theatre Exhibition at Amsterdam was made by a small band of English enthusiasts. The rest of us, some of whom would cheerfully have gone to Amsterdam in the stokehold for the chance of seeing the exhibits, had to receive our impressions at second hand. But our turn has come. For the whole Amsterdam collection of scenic models, supplemented by fresh British, American, French and Italian work, has now been transferred to the South Kensington Museum, and will be on view there free of charge for the next six weeks.

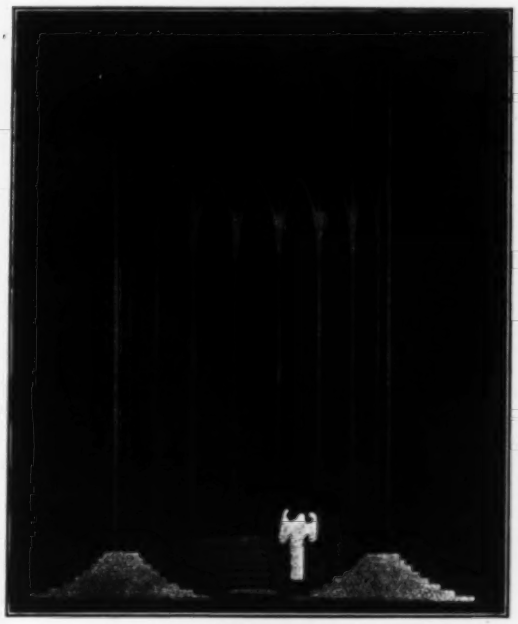
The range of English stage decoration is surprisingly narrow. Realism we have had always with us; it is the one department in which the West End theatre is already first-rate. But it is not the only method, still less the best. And since realistic designs are likely to be in a very small minority at South Kensington, some brief classification of more modern ideas may forearm the average visitor against a good deal of perplexity and disappointment. Let us begin at home, however, with the realistic method which still holds the field. Realistic production may be described as a dog-fight between designer and dramatist, with the odds on the former. Tree staged a garden terrace once—a mass of flowers; later on in the same play the garden reappeared, after a stage interval of some weeks; every flower was changed! Such ultra-realism, though it extort admiration for its accuracy, leaves nothing to the imagination, and so far from helping out the play, only distracts and confuses one's attention. This is not to say that realism has no place in the theatre. As pageantry it is invaluable in entertainments which profess no intellectual importance. But what is excellent in " Decameron Nights " may be execrable in " Othello." And if realistic scenery has been admitted to the exhibition it must be judged frankly from its own level, and without any highbrow insistence on dramatic value.

More interesting to educated playgoers, and I expect more numerous in the present exhibition, will be what I may call dramatic models—those which seek to assist actor and dramatist rather than to outshine them. There are two ways in which the designer can assist the play—the neutral and the suggestive. The first, which was the Greek and the Elizabethan method, leaves the play free to create its own atmosphere by providing a formless or conventional background; its advantages are so obvious that it is surprising that no London producer has yet presented the more " atmospheric " of modern dramatists—Shaw or Galsworthy, for instance—in this way. Shakespeare has often been so treated; and we may reasonably expect some of the present exhibitors to have given the moderns a turn. The second method, that of suggestion, has gained much ground recently and at South Kensington will probably take foremost place. Realistic detail is not debarred to it; but this must be suggestive as well as realistic, and there must not be too much of it,



Setting by Sam Hume for Masefield's "Philip the King."

By courtesy of Mr. E. O. Hoppé.



Model of the setting to Maeterlinck's "The Seven Princesses."
By Robert Edmund Jones.
By courtesy of Mr. E. O. Hoppé.

or it will drug instead of stimulating the imagination. In a scene representing A's office, for example, one touch which strikes you as exactly right for A's office is worth a thousand touches exactly right for everybody's office; multiplication of detail is the mere pedantry of the art. In England Mr. Macdermott, with occasional lapses, is the pioneer in this kind. Abroad, judging from the very interesting photographs which appear in *Theatre-craft* from time to time, the suggestive designer relies more on symbolism. And here comes the thorniest difficulty which the uninitiated visitor to South Kensington will have to face. The symbolistic design is too often a locked door whose key remains in the designer's pocket. Suppose the artist to see Lear as a mighty block of granite, undermined and buffeted by the elements, but majestic still; he designs, as setting, a bare stage with a stone column towering in the midst; if our imaginations jump with his, the effect is tremendous. But if not? To you or me that column may suggest brutality, obstinacy, despair: worse, it may set us thinking of Hendon aerodrome or the sea-front at Llandudno. Such, crudely stated, is the symbolist's difficulty; he has no guarantee that our imaginations will all coincide, or that we will not spend as much time in grappling with his symbol as ever we did in assimilating the details of the old realistic scene.

I have endeavoured very briefly to classify the main tendencies of modern stage decoration—the realistic, the neutral, the suggestive, the symbolic—in the belief that, without some such rough-and-ready standards of comparative criticism, our appreciation of the South Kensington Exhibition may be swamped in bewilderment. The symbolic, particularly, will be a tough nut for us English enthusiasts to crack, for it is new to England. Here then is our chance to get abreast of Europe. We have stood still, in this matter of scenic theory, for two hundred and fifty years. Must we stand still for ever?

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